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TOINETTE'S PHILIP.

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CHAPTER I.

PHILIP, DEA, AND "HOMO."

ONE sunny morning early in March, two children, a boy and a girl, followed by a large shaggy dog, slowly sauntered up Rue Royale in the French quarter of New Orleans. The boy was about nine years old, the girl not more than eight, the dog — no one could tell his age with any degree of certainty, but he was no longer young, for the gray hairs about his muzzle, and his long, hollow flanks, plainly showed that he had seen many and evil days. He was of the breed commonly called "wolf," his body was covered with coarse, bristling hair, and his long nose and pointed, alert ears gave him an intelligent and inquisitive look in spite of his drooping tail and spiritless walk. Without looking to the right or left he followed closely on the heels of the children, occasionally sniffing at a bag which hung over the boy's shoulder. When they slackened their pace to glance into a shop window, or to make room for a passer, the dog also stopped and eyed the bag wistfully, a few drops of water now and then falling from his mouth on the pavement.

The boy, from time to time, glanced down at

the patient creature smilingly, while he reached out a thin brown hand to pat his head fondly.

"'Homo' smells my lunch. It's no use, I must stop and give him some," he said at last, placing on a door-step near him a tray of flowers which he had been carefully carrying.

He was a handsome boy, lithe and slim, and tall for his age, with large blue eyes of a merry cast, straight, clear-cut features, and curling brown hair. He was cleanly but poorly clad in a blue shirt and short trousers of the same color; a small white cap covered a portion of his thick hair which lay in heavy rings over his forehead, just above his straight, dark eyebrows. The little girl who accompanied him was an uncommon and picturesque figure. A dark-red frock fell straight to her heels; a white muslin scarf, crossed in front, was tied behind, the long ends almost touching the pavement when she walked; her very thick black hair was cut off square, like a mane over her shoulders, and was partially covered by a red silk kerchief knotted under her chin; her little, worn, prematurely old face was as white and delicate as a Roman cameo; her eyes, unnaturally large, were intensely dark, so dark that they showed through her drooping lids, and her small, firmly closed mouth seemed

never to have smiled. On her arm she carried a basket in which, carefully packed in soft paper, were several little colored wax-figures, delicately and beautifully modeled. One was "Esmeralda and her Goat," another "Dea and the Wolf," another "Quasimodo"—in short, they all represented characters taken from the stories of Victor Hugo. That they were of almost sacred value to the child was apparent in the careful way she carried them, and the occasional glance of pride and solicitude she bestowed upon them.

When the boy stopped and put down his tray of flowers—orange-blossoms, roses, and violets, she, too, stopped and placed her basket on the steps, drawing, as she did so, a thick paper over the little figures to shield them from the sun and dust.

After the boy's hands were free he proceeded to unfasten the bag, smiling all the time at the old dog who pressed close to him, his sunken eyes full of expectation.

"Don't be in a hurry, Homo, don't be in a hurry," he said gently. "You shall have your breakfast. I made Mammy Toinette put in plenty of bread. I knew you'd be hungry; I knew you would."

The little girl, with her hands tightly clasped, stood looking on almost as anxiously as the dog. Suddenly the boy fixed his eyes on her inquiringly, and his face flushed to his forehead. "Did you have anything to eat before you came out, Dea?—Now, tell me the truth, did you?" he asked earnestly.

The child turned paler if possible, and looked away evasively, but made no reply.

"Tell me now, Dea, quick. I sha'n't give Homo a mouthful till you tell me."

"I did n't want anything to eat, Philip," she said tremulously. "*Pauv'* papa* had one of his bad spells."

"And you did n't sleep any last night. I can tell by your looks that you did n't."

"Not much," she replied, sighing; "*pauv'* papa walked all night. I think he was in pain. I could n't sleep when he was suffering."

"You could n't, of course," said the boy, soothingly. "But never mind now, Dea. Eat some breakfast and give Homo some. You

like mammy's fried chicken, and I've enough for all of us."

And as the boy spoke, he unfolded a clean white napkin and displayed some squares of corn-bread, and a quantity of chicken fried crisp and brown. "Take all you want," and he held it out invitingly.

"I'll give some to Homo," said the girl, taking a piece of the chicken with the tips of her slender fingers and offering it to the old dog, who swallowed it without the least attempt to chew it, sighing contentedly as he did so.

While the girl and the dog were eating, the boy uncovered the basket, and taking out one by one the small figures, looked at them admiringly, turning them to blow off an occasional speck of dust.

"They're as natural as life, Dea," he said encouragingly. "I hope you'll sell one to-day. You have n't sold one since Mardi Gras, have you? It must be the rainy weather that has kept people out of the streets; but now it's cleared off, Rue Royale will be full of strangers, and you'll be sure to sell one to-day."

"Oh, I hope so, Philip, for *pauv'* papa's sake," replied the girl, as she gave her last crumb of bread to the dog; "he has n't any money, and he's so unhappy when he has n't any money." Then she covered her face with her hands and began to cry silently.

"Don't, Dea, don't cry!" said the boy gently, as he took up his tray of flowers and the child's basket as well. "Come on, let's hurry. Grande Seline will be back to-day, and she's sure to bring you something."

"But if she is n't there, Philip, what shall I do? *Pauv'* papa had no supper last night, and there's no breakfast for him this morning. I ought to have taken him the bread and chicken you gave me. Homo and I could have waited. I was n't so hungry, because I had your lunch yesterday. Now it's gone; we have eaten it, and *pauv'* papa has n't any."

"Take the rest of my lunch, Dea," said the boy stoutly. "I don't want it; I can wait till night. Mammy Toinette promised me gumbo for supper."

The little girl smiled faintly through her tears as she trotted on beside her friend, who still

* *Pauvre papa*, poor papa. Used affectionately and pityingly.

carried her basket. "Gumbo! how nice to have gumbo for supper," she said with a soft sigh.

"Yes, it's good, with plenty of rice," replied her companion; "and mammy would give you some if you'd go home with me."

"I can't, Philip; papa would be angry. He never allows me to go into any house, and he never has any one to visit him."

"That 's why he has no money and does n't sell more little images," returned the boy with some show of anger. "If he made friends, you would not have to go hungry."

"*Pauv'* papa," sighed the child, "he 's so ill and unhappy. He cried when he put Quasimodo in the basket; he said it was the best figure he had ever modeled—that it was a work of art and worth a great deal."

"A work of art!" repeated the boy scornfully. "It 's not half as pretty as Esmeralda and her goat. It 's an ugly, crooked little monster!"

"Well, Quasimodo was like that," returned Dea with some spirit.

"Papa has often read to me about him; he was *Carillonneur** of the great cathedral Notre Dame de Paris."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Philip, "you 've told me all about him, don't you remember? But I like Esmeralda best. I 'm sure you 'll sell Esmeralda first."

"I hope so; *pauv'* papa said that I *must* sell something to-day. If I don't, Philip, I 'm sure he will walk again to-night."

"Well, let 's hurry then," cried Philip, quickening his steps. "If Grande Seline is there, she 'll help us to find a customer; and she promised to be there to-day."

CHAPTER II.

GRANDE SELINE.

"OH, there 's Grande Seline!" cried Philip, joyfully, as they drew near the old Union Bank not far from Canal street. "She 's setting up her stand now."

"Yes, there she is," exclaimed Dea, starting into a swift run toward a stout, laughing mulat-



PHILIP, DEA, AND "HOMO."

tress who was standing near a table under the portico of the bank, tying a white apron around her thick waist.

"Oh, honey!" she gurgled as she clasped the child tight, "oh, honey, how glad I is ter see yer, an' Mars' Philip, too! How you 's both done growed since I 's been gone."

"And how thin you 've grown, Seline," replied Philip, his blue eyes sparkling with merriment. "You 've lost flesh going to the country to your cousin's wedding."

"My, my, jes' hear dat boy! Do yer think I 's slimmer, Ma'mselle Dea?" and she looked

* Bell-ringer, one who plays the chimes.

complacently at her fat sides as she smoothed the folds of her starched apron. "An' what 's you chil'run been er-doin' all dis yere time dat I 's been away? An' how 's yer *pauv'* papa, Ma'mselle?"

"He 's very bad, Seline; he does n't sleep," returned Dea, sighing sadly.

"My, my, honey, I 's sorry ter hear sech bad newses!" said Seline, with sympathy. "An' is yer done sole any yer little images while I 's gone ter der weddin'?"

"No, Seline, not one. *Pauv'* papa 's finished Quasimodo; I 've got him in my basket. I 'm to sell him for five dollars."

"Well, honey, ef yer want ter sell him yer got ter stan' him out where people 'll see him; 'tain't no use ter keep him covered up in yer basket. I 'm goin' ter give yer a corner of my table," and Grande Seline swept aside her pile of fruits and cakes, smiling benevolently as she did so.

"But the dust, Seline; papa does n't like them to get dusty."

"Never mind der dust, chile; it 'll blow off. It 's der money we want; but I don't see how yer goin' ter sell dat pore little crooked image!" and Seline looked doubtfully at the work of art as Dea disencumbered it of its wrappings, and stood it as far away as possible from a generous pile of pralines. "Now, dat little one with the goat is right peart-lookin', an' it 's strange yer don't sell it."

"You see, it 's rained ever since you went away, Seline, and there 's been no strangers in the streets," said Philip, coming forward to move Quasimodo a little more into the shadow of one of the fluted columns that decorate the façade of the old bank. "If it had n't been for funerals and weddings, mammy would n't have sold any flowers. I 've been here every day since you went to the country, and I have n't sold a dozen *boutonnieres*."

"Dat 's 'cause yer did n't have my table ter show yer flowers on, Mars' Philip. No one don't notice little cre'tur's like you is. It takes an ole woman like I is ter get customers," said Grande Seline, chuckling and shaking her fat sides, as she arranged Philip's flowers and sprinkled them lightly from a can of water. "An' dat ole dog, too, he knows I 's back; he 's

done tuck his same place under dis yere table. Jes' look at de pore cretur; he 's ter home, shore!"

"Yes, Homo 's glad you 're back, Seline, and so are we," said Philip, leaning over the table and smiling up into the kind dusky face. "I don't know which of us has missed you most, but I think Dea has."

"Pore chile!" and the old woman glanced fondly at the little girl. "I 's thought heaps about yer boaf, and I 's glad I 's back. Yer ain't had yer scarf washed since I 's gone, is yer, honey? Well, jes' slip it off when yer go home, an' I 'll bring it ter yer clean in der mawnin'. An' see what I got in my basket fer yer supper ter-night," making a little pantomime to Philip as she took out a package folded in a clean napkin. "A half a chicken I done brought from de country, some flour bread, an' a slice of dat cheese yer *pauv'* papa likes; an' jes' look at dis yere, chil'run, some of der weddin'-cake fer yer! It 's fine cake! dat cousin knows how ter make cake; her ole Miss' learned her. Now, ain't dat dar pretty cake as yer ever seed?"

"Oh, oh, Seline, is n't it nice?" cried both children at once, "and the sugar on it is so thick and white."

"Now, you jes' eat some," she said, handing a generous slice to each; "an' dis what 's left is part fer yer *pauv'* papa, mam'selle, an' part fer yer mammy, Mars' Philip."

"Why, Seline, you 're awful good," cried the boy, his mouth full of cake. "I told Dea you 'd bring us something from the country."

"May I keep half of mine for to-morrow, Seline?" asked Dea when she had slowly eaten a part of hers.

"Why, yes, chile, if yer wants ter. An' jes' take dis yere bundle of chicken an' put it in der bottom of yer basket fer yer supper."

Dea took the package with trembling hands and glistening eyes. "Oh, Seline, how good you are! *Pauv'* papa will be so glad," she whispered.

"Yes, I know, honey, I know; an' I 'm goin' to sell one of dem little images fer yer papa dis yere day, er my name ain't Seline. I ain't been right yere in dis place since endurin' der war fer nothin'. My ole mars' what was pres'dent of

dis bank,—yer see, chil'run, it use' ter be a bank full of money afore der war,—he done tole me I could set up my stan' yere. He say, 'Seline, you 'll make yer fortune yere.' Well, I ain't made no fortune, but I's done made right smart, an' now I's got plenty to do a little fer you, honey, what ain't got no ma, only a *pain'* sick papa; so I's goin' ter help yer sell yer little images. Yer tired an' sleepy, chile; jes' drap down on my little stool, an' take a nap in der shade, an' I 'll look out fer customers."

Dea did not wait for a second invitation to sleep; her poor little head ached, and her eyes were heavy from her night's vigils, so she sank down contentedly in Seline's broad shadow, and, resting her pale face against the good woman's clean apron, she slept as peacefully as did the old dog at her feet; and Philip, perched on the base of one of the massive columns, swung his bare brown legs and whistled softly, while he waited for the customer promised by Seline with so much confidence.

CHAPTER III.

HOW THEY BECAME ACQUAINTED.

SOME ten or twelve years before the beginning of this story, when Grande Seline had established her lunch-stand under the portico of the Union Bank, the handsome structure was used for the purpose indicated by the name, cut in large letters on the stone façade; but the civil war and numerous unfortunate financial changes had abolished the business, and the fine old building had degenerated from its dignified position into a second-class theater or "variety show." On the massive fluted columns hung huge colored posters, and against the gray old walls were fastened tall boards covered with ludicrous pictures of dancing dogs, Chinese jugglers, and absurd caricatures, set forth in glaring colors in order to attract the attention of the common people. Where formerly grave black-coated financiers passed in and out, now lounged a motley crowd to read the playbills, or scan the grotesque pictures, jesting and laughing as they elbowed and jostled one another. Among them were some of the better class, who lingered near Seline's stand, in the corner of the portico, to drink a glass of her cold lemonade or to eat

some of her fresh pralines, crisp and toothsome, with the nuts showing thickly through their glossy coats. And beside her sweets, in a clean basket carefully covered with a fresh napkin were dainty sandwiches of French rolls filled with chicken or ham, and the lightest and whitest of sponge-cake liberally coated with sugar. In the old days it was the custom of the busy officials of the bank to snatch a hasty lunch from Seline's basket, and to wash it down with a glass of her delicious lemonade; now it was another class that patronized her. Still, the quality of her wares remained the same; therefore she always had a large custom among the habitués of the theater, and in the course of all these years she had saved up a snug little sum, and could well afford to be generous at times.

Two or three years before, when Philip had first made his appearance on Rue Royale with his tray of flowers, while lingering near her stand to feast his eyes on her tempting display, Seline's attention was attracted by his innocent, charming face. He was not more than six years old at that time, and his merry laugh and pleasant chatter won her heart at once. From that day she took him under her especial care, and Philip's fresh, fragrant flowers always found a shady corner on Seline's table.

Not long after these friendly relations began, the boy appeared one day with a pale, sad-eyed little girl, dressed in a shabby, black frock, and carrying a small basket in which were a few exquisitely modeled wax figures. He introduced his companion with great confidence to Grande Seline, taking it for granted that the kindly woman would extend to his forlorn little friend the affection she so freely lavished upon him. And he was not mistaken. Seline took the mournful little creature right to her great heart.

"I al'ays done loved little gals der best; boys is good ernuf, but mighty triffin' and tryin'," she said by way of excuse to Philip, who she feared might be a little jealous of her sudden interest in Dea.

Philip first met the little girl on Ursulines street. She was in great trouble. An overfed bulldog had attacked Homo when he was very hungry, and consequently very weak, and though the poor old animal fought bravely, he

was about to be "the under dog in the fight," when Philip appeared, and so sturdily belabored the enemy with a stout stick that he let go and stood at bay, while Homo took refuge in instant flight, followed by the little girl, who, in her excitement, left her basket on the banquette. Philip, after he had driven the bulldog into a neighboring yard, and closed the gate upon him, picked up the neglected property and ran after the owner.

Poor little thing, she was frightened and breathless; but she stopped to thank her deliverer, between her sobs, while she grasped the dog's collar with both trembling hands.

"It was n't Homo's fault," she explained, in rapid French. "The other dog began it. Homo's old and hungry, but he's got lots of spirit, and he won't bear an insult. The dog was rude to Homo, and he could n't help fighting."

"I know," returned Philip; "I don't blame your dog; he could n't help standing up to a saucy beast like that."

His ready sympathy and sensible appreciation of Homo's self-respect won the little girl's confidence at once, and from that day they were fast friends. She was very reticent, and Philip, with inborn delicacy, did not question her much; but from her remarks he learned that she lived on Villeré street, that her mother was dead, and that her father was an artist *en air*,* and that he modeled the pretty little figures which she tried to sell from house to house.

"*Papa*' papa is always ill," she explained, in a grave, soft little voice; "his head hurts him, and he can't sleep at night, and since mama died he never sees any one, and never goes out in the day; he says the light hurts him. Sometimes he goes out in the evening, and stays a long time. I don't know where he goes, but I think it is to the *cimetière*, to mama's grave."

Philip's bright face clouded; he felt like crying with the child, but he said bravely, "I wish you'd come with me up on Rue Royale; you'd have a better chance. I've a friend there who has a stand; her name is Grande Seline; I'm sure she'll help you sell your little figures."

Dea accepted the kind invitation gratefully, and, having the good fortune to win Seline's affection at first sight, the child found a faithful

friend, who cared for her in many ways with remarkable tenderness and devotion.

Every day, in rain or shine, the handsome boy and the sad-faced little girl could be found near Seline, while their wares occupied a part of her table, under which Homo slept soundly—a weary animal, who at last had found a secure and peaceful haven of rest.

The first break in this pleasant arrangement was when Seline went for a few weeks into the country, to be present at the wedding of a dusky kinswoman. Now she had returned, much to the delight of the children, who entered upon their former relations with the utmost confidence and security.

CHAPTER IV.

LILYBEL.

POOR little Dea slept peacefully, safe under Seline's friendly shadow, and Philip whistled merrily, now that his burden of care had fallen on broader and stronger shoulders; and while Dea slept and Philip whistled, Seline drowsed in the soft spring air, slowly waving her bunch of peacock-feathers to keep off the flies. This she did quite mechanically, whether her eyes were open or closed, and it served a good purpose in keeping pilfering fingers away from her sweets, as well as banishing the obtrusive winged creatures that hovered above her; for Seline was often in the land of dreams when her feathers were waving back and forth with rhythmic precision.

On this day she slept with one eye open, for she was on the lookout for a suitable owner for Esmeralda or Quasimodo. "It's 'bout time fer strangers ter come along," she said to herself, "an' I knows er stranger soon 's I set eyes on one; dey's der ones what buys dem little images."

Suddenly both eyes opened wide, and Seline straightened up and looked toward Canal street.

"Sure 's I born, dar 's dat Lilybel er-comin'! What dat boy er-comin' yere dis time er day fur? Did n't I sонт him on der levee, an' tole him ter stay dar till he done sole all what he got in his basket?"

Philip stopped whistling, and turned amused eyes toward Lilybel, who slowly approached,

* In wax.

looking very sheepish. He was a mite of a darky, as black and glossy as a rubber shoe, with large whites to his bead-like eyes, and teeth that glistened like grains of new corn. His sunburned hair stood off from his head as he looked more like a small scarecrow than a member of the human family; and had it not been for his rolling eyes and broad grin, Lilybel would have deceived the wisest old crow in a corn-field.



"LILYBEL COULD NOT RESIST SCRAMBLING FOR SOME OF THE NUTS, AND SELINE CAUGHT HIM." (SEE PAGE 490.)

though he were in a state of chronic fright, and his broad mouth was stretched almost from ear to ear in a mirth-provoking grin; his body was round and fat, and from his short crooked legs his large feet stood out at right angles; one ragged suspender over a torn dirty shirt held up a muddy bundle of breeches, the ragged legs of which were rolled close to his thighs. Altogether

"Now jes' look at dat boy; ain't he a sight?" cried Seline in a shrill voice, a voice cultivated expressly for Lilybel. "I done sont him out clean an' peart dis mawnin', an' now yere he is all muddy an' frazzled! I suttently knows he 's er been rollin' down der levee with jes' sich triflin' chil'run like he-self. Come yere!" and she thrust out a threatening hand, which Lilybel

adroitly dodged. "Come yere, I say, afore I slap yer head off!"

Lilybel paid no attention to Seline's startling threat, but skilfully kept out of reach, until he wormed himself behind the column where Philip sat laughing in spite of Seline's trouble; and there, in an excellent position for dodging a stray shot, he looked out, grinning defiantly.

"Is yer gwine ter come yere?" cried Seline, quite beside herself. "Jes' let me get my han' on yer," and she jumped up so suddenly that she dropped her bunch of feathers in her jar of lemonade, while she nearly overturned Dea, who awoke startled and confused at the fracas. And even Homo arose alertly, and sniffed the air, then turned around and curled himself up for another nap. It was nothing; he was accustomed to these scenes between Lilybel and Seline. "Does yer hear me? Come yere an' tell me what yer done with yer basket!" and, leaning across the table in a frantic effort to grab the culprit, Seline came near sending Quasimodo to sudden and irreparable ruin, while she scattered a shower of pecans over the pavement.

Lilybel could not resist scrambling for some of the nuts, and while intent on this hunt, Seline caught him by the remnant of his shirt and dragged him up before a terrible and pitiless tribunal.

Finding himself a prisoner beyond hope of escape, Lilybel, assuming an injured expression, declared with a mournful rolling of his eyes "dat he had n't done nofin; on'y jes' tumbled in der ruver an' got fished out when he was mos' drowned."

"An' whar's yer basket? What yer done with yer basket?" cried Seline, shaking Lilybel so energetically that he looked like a bundle of tatters in a strong wind.

"It's done los' in der ruver," mumbled Lilybel, lowering his eyes and sniffing.

"*Los' in der ruver!*" repeated Seline slowly. "Now, chile, yer is n't tellin der trufe, an' yer knows I won't have no boys a-tellin' me lies. I'll wear dat peach-tree switch out on yer dis night ef yer don't tell der trufe."

"It's der trufe, ma, es sure as I is a-stan'in' yere," returned Lilybel stoutly. "I done los' it in der ruver."

"How come yer los' it in der ruver? Tell me how come yer los' it dar?" and Seline emphasized her question with another shake, which made Lilybel's teeth chatter, while a shower of muddy water flew from his rags all over his ma's white apron.

"It's dis yere way I los' it," gasped Lilybel, hastening to explain. "I done went on er plank, whar dem rousterbouts is a-wheelin' coal on a big steamer, an' jes' es I was er-showin' my cakes, a big feller run inter me an' push me flop inter der ruver. An', ma, I was nearly drowned; I was nearly dade," cried Lilybel, growing pathetic as he approached the climax. "I done come up der las' time, when er rousterbout grab me an' pull me out."

"I won'er ef yer is er-tellin' me der trufe, Lilybel," questioned Seline doubtfully as she relaxed her grasp a little.

"I is, ma, I is!" and Lilybel rolled his eyes and twisted his mouth into various affirmative contortions, while Seline for some little time held him at arm's-length and examined him critically.

"It's no use ter b'lieve yer, Lilybel; I jes' got ter find out ef yer did fall inter der ruver an' los' yer basket," continued Seline solemnly; "but ef yer is er-tellin der trufe, yer suttently did n't have *much* in yer basket when yer done los' it, cause yer is full alamos' ter burstin' with dem cakes an' pralines. Oh, yer is a triffin', worryin' chile, an' I's got ter use der rod on yer plenty 'fore I's done with yer! Go down dar an' curl up with dat ole dog; it's the bes' place fer yer!" and with a sounding slap, Seline thrust the culprit under the table, close to Homo, where with a satisfied chuckle he nestled down, his head on the dog, and in a few moments was sleeping as soundly and irresponsibly as the animal beside him.

"Now, Mars' Philip, yer see what a trial I's got," said Seline, turning to Philip for sympathy. "It ain't no use puttin' conference in Lilybel. I s'pects he done eat dem cake an' pralines, an' frowed dat basket away. My, my! he's goin' ter ruin me ef I lets him have a basket. How come dat boy's so bad?" continued Seline reflectively. "An' I done name him fer his two little sisters what's dade, two peart chil'run as yer ever did see, an' jes' es sweet an' good es

Ma'mselle Dea. It 's jes' es I say: gals is natchly good, an' boys is natchly bad."

"Oh, Seline, I 'm a boy," interposed Philip, "and I 'm not so bad."

"No, no, honey, *yer* is n't bad; but ye 're white, an' white boys is different."

"Only think, Seline, Lilybel might have drowned," said Dea softly; "then how sorry you would have been."

"Dat boy drowned! No, no, chile; I 's more 'feared he 's born ter be hanged, 'cause Lilybel 's mighty mannish, an' trainin' don't do him no good. I 's got heaps of trouble with dat boy."

While this conversation was in progress, Seline tidied up her table, and restored Quasi-

modo to his original position, still intent, in spite of Lilybel's unexpected interruption, on finding a customer.

"Dar 's dat stranger what use' ter pass yere right often fer flowers an' pralines. He 's goin' ter buy yer little image if he comes ter-day. He paints pictures up in der top of dat tall house down yere on Rue Royale. An' he 's from der norf, an' rich — rich!"

Dea's little wan face took on a pleased, expectant look. Seating herself primly on a stool beside Seline, she watched the passers attentively, while Philip, standing on the edge of the banquette, whistled impatiently as he scanned the people on the opposite side of the street.

(To be continued.)



"THESE 'S JUST A NICE DINNER FOR A BABY LION."

"WHEW! SAWDUST."

Kembic



SPRINGTIME HOLIDAY.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

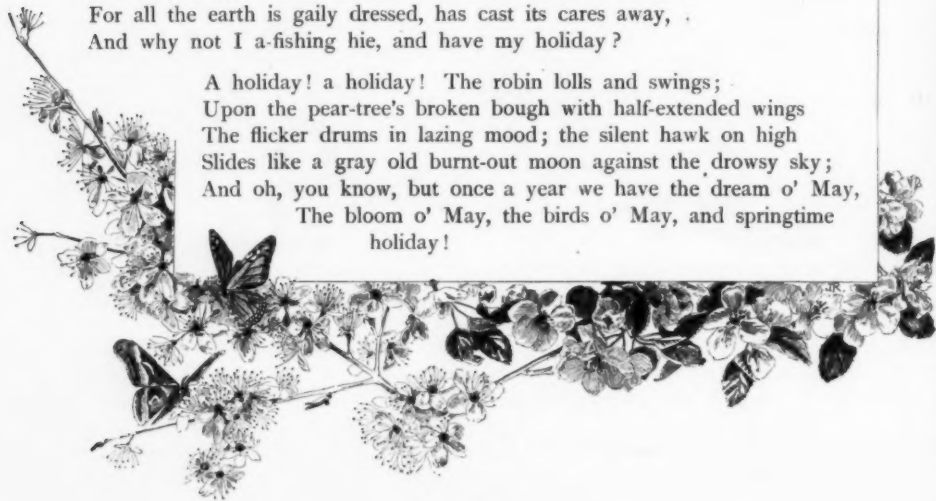
OH, don't you think we'd better take our springtime holiday?
There's something in the southern breeze that says it's time to play.
The oriole's on the apple bough, the lark is in the grass;
The jays and bluebirds film the air with azure as they pass;
The cows low in the pasture-fields, and don't you hear the sheep
With tender bells along the fells and in the dells so deep?

Come out! come out! The leaves are young, the bees begin to boom;
The slopes are blue with violets, spring-beauties are in bloom;
The bass is leaping in the brook, the heron watches him;
The old kingfisher nods upon the flowery dogwood limb;
Oh, where's my rod? and where's my line? and where's my hackle gray?
My reel? my creel? I think I feel like taking holiday!

White as fleeces on the hills the wild plum-thickets blow,
And over the winding meadow stream the willows droop and glow;
Across the field the plowman sings, plodding behind his team:
His words are like the lonesome sounds that wander through a dream;
For it is May, and everything half sleeping seems to say:
"Shirk, shirk,—slip off from work and have a holiday!"

There's something dancing in the air, it beckons down the lane:
Oh, Lazy Lawrence, did you ever, ever call in vain?
Loafing, aimless butterfly, wandering bumblebee,
This one time, if never more, I'll shift and drift with thee;
For all the earth is gaily dressed, has cast its cares away,
And why not I a-fishing hie, and have my holiday?

A holiday! a holiday! The robin lolls and swings;
Upon the pear-tree's broken bough with half-extended wings
The flicker drums in lazing mood; the silent hawk on high
Slides like a gray old burnt-out moon against the drowsy sky;
And oh, you know, but once a year we have the dream o' May,
The bloom o' May, the birds o' May, and springtime
holiday!





SPRINGTIME HOLIDAY.



A JAGUAR FISHING.

HOW BERT KILLED A JAGUAR.

BY HERBERT H. SMITH.

ABOUT our village home in Brazil the killing of a jaguar is glory allotted to but few, because the creatures are not very common; I suppose the region has been settled too long, and jaguars, more than any other Brazilian animals, avoid the presence of man. Now and then we heard of cattle being killed by them; and once some hunters brought in a good-sized fellow which I bought for the sake of the skin and skull. Strangely enough, they had killed it with No. 8 shot. I have the skin yet, and it is a very pretty home-ornament.

But what is a purchased jaguar-hide compared to one fairly acquired with gun and bullet! Bert can show you a finer specimen than mine, and one infinitely more precious, for he shot the animal himself. I am going to tell you of that hunt. Some of my boy readers, I hope, will come to know the grand excitement of jaguar-hunting, though few of you are likely to experience it at Bert's age. At that time he was only seventeen years old, and Carlos was rather younger.

One morning Dolly and I were riding some miles from Chapada, Brazil; the road was on open *campo* land, but near the edge of a large forest tract. The woods, as usual, spread like a wall against the grass and scattered low trees of the clearer tract called the *campo*. This *campo* affords very good pasturage, and small herds of cattle are kept on it, roaming about in

a half wild state. I remember being a little surprised that there were none along the road, for it was a favorite grazing-place.

Dolly, who was riding ahead, called my attention to a singular track or trail, which crossed the road diagonally and appeared to enter the woods. You may have seen a country road where a log has been dragged over the ground by oxen. Well, this trail was much like that of the log, only broader and more irregular. Plainly, some heavy object had been pulled across the *campo*. But how, and why? Even supposing that one of the rare travelers here had dragged something, how could he have dragged an object so heavy as this had evidently been? And why should he drag it across instead of along the road? I noticed, too, that our horses smelled uneasily at the track, and seemed anxious to get away from it.

Now, in these regions one learns to ascribe every track to a wild animal, unless it can be plainly shown that it was made by man or by tame animals. Neither Dolly nor I doubted for a moment that this trail had been made by an animal dragging its prey; and the only beast of prey in Brazil that could have pulled a load so heavy was a jaguar. Probably it had killed one of the cattle which commonly grazed here; the rest of the herd had stampeded, and that would explain why there were none in sight.

We followed the trail to the woods,—our horses going unwillingly enough,—and saw that it passed under the trees. Then we crossed the road, and followed in the other direction. Presently we came to a place where the turf was all torn up, as if by a struggle.

There was no blood,—jaguars generally kill by striking the shoulder or back with their muscular paws; but among the cattle-tracks I soon found imprints that could have been made only by a jaguar's foot, and a very large one at that. This was quite proof enough, and of course it would have been useless and dangerous for me to follow the trail into the woods, armed, as I was, only with a small revolver, and without dogs. So we galloped back to Chapada to warn our hunters.

Luckily, both Bert and Carlos were at home, and mightily pleased they were at our news; neither had yet killed a jaguar, though they had tracked more than one. After consultation we agreed that it would be better to call in the aid of a young planter who lived some five miles from Chapada; this man was an experienced jaguar-hunter, and had two dogs well trained to the sport. The planter had several long and high-sounding names, but he was commonly known by the first two of them; for convenience I shall call him Augusto.

A messenger galloped off, and brought Augusto back in less than two hours; meanwhile, the boys had been loading cartridges with ball and buckshot, and sharpening their wood-knives. Augusto brought his two dogs, and after some hesitation we concluded to take our own dog, "Boca-negra," though he had no experience in jaguar-hunting. Leaving the village about noon, we presently met our old hunter, Vicente, with his gun and a couple of scraggly dogs. He needed no urging to turn back with us, dogs and all; so we were now five, with five dogs and four guns. As looker-on and historian I carried only a revolver.

In an hour we reached the trail, none of us tired, though the boys had come on foot. In these highlands even the mid-day air is gloriously fresh, and exercise in it a real luxury. Here Augusto and I dismounted, and sent our horses back by a man we had brought. The dogs, already barking on the trail, were secured, our belts tightened and Vicente's gun reloaded with ball, and together we plunged into the woods.

There was no difficulty in following the trail, and five minutes brought us to the little open spot where the jaguar had left its prey. This

was a cow, nearly full grown; and, considering that the carcass had been dragged half a mile, partly through tangled forest, we were not inclined to underrate the strength of our fierce adversary.

Close by, in a bit of soft ground, Vicente found tracks nearly five inches across, indicating a very large animal. Examining the cow's body, we found some scratches where the jaguar had struck it, and marks of teeth in the neck; but that was all. At various times I have seen several animals—deer and cattle—that had been killed by jaguars, and, in every case, the skin was almost without a scratch. The creature literally knocks its victim lifeless,—if not with one blow, then with two or three,—and this with a paw like velvet. There is an unlawful and cowardly weapon called a "life-preserver": it consists of a flexible strip or bar, with a thickly padded leaden ball at the end. A blow from this dangerous club will break a bone without bruising the skin. It is the only parallel I can think of to the muscular softness of a jaguar's paw.

We knew that our jaguar must be somewhere in our vicinity; not being very hungry, probably, it had put off its dinner until night. We loosed the dogs, and in half a minute they were all yelping on the trail, we close behind. Almost immediately a chorus of barks and snarls told that the jaguar's retreat had been discovered, not fifty yards away. We hurried up, but before we could catch a glimpse of the animal there was a growl and a rush, and the chase streamed off down a hill and across a ravine in grand cry.

The woods here were more open, and we kept so close to the game that once or twice we saw the dogs, though not the jaguar. Beyond the ravine came a stiff thicket of bamboo and bushes; we got through it somehow, our torn clothes and scratched faces a spectacle, if we had stopped to think of them. Pell-mell down a second long hill, the dogs more distant now, and our hunters perspiring and panting; but another chorus of barks told us that the jaguar was brought to bay, and we scrambled up a rocky glen, quite forgetting that we had already raced two miles. Augusto, getting ahead, caught a glimpse of the jaguar's spotted coat,

just as it broke away again; he fired one barrel on the chance of hitting, but without effect.

Now came a long hill, not very steep, but the forest so matted that we had to cut our path,—the chase more and more distant, until the sounds quite died away. We stopped and listened, but could hear nothing. This was discouraging and unusual, for a jaguar-chase is generally short; either the animal escapes at the first rush, or, if brought to bay, will hold his place, though a dozen hunters come up. Augusto said it would be useless to go farther; probably one or two of the dogs would be killed, and the rest would return. But none of us liked to abandon the chase, and it seemed shabby to desert the dogs as long as there was a chance of helping them; so we pushed on, more slowly now, for we began to discover that we were tired. After five minutes we came to a stream, where we stopped to drink and to bathe our faces.

Bert and I were a little above; suddenly he caught my arm and stood listening, then raced off to the left, while I ran after him, with the revolver cocked in my hand. It was a rush of the whole party now, for the chase was coming back down the hill, and evidently would cross the stream above. Bert and I, from our position, had a little advantage of the others; he was a few yards ahead of me. It was quick work, the pack yelping down one side of a right angle, and we running up the other. Half a minute—a grand burst of barks and snarls and all canine pandemonium let loose, and savage growls that sent our pulse up fifty beats; a spotted, tawny creature, lashing its tail and glancing fire from its eyes, and snarling, with teeth and claws displayed. The next instant I saw one of Vicente's dogs flying through the bushes, as if hurled from a catapult; another, and Bert's right barrel rang out and the spotted coat was somewhere in the air, springing right at the young hunter. My heart stood still! I have an indistinct remembrance of rushing forward with my revolver, but before I had taken a step, the peal of Bert's left barrel came, and the jaguar lay kicking convulsively—a dead jaguar five seconds after. The spring had fallen short, and our youngster had stepped aside and put a ball through the creature's

heart. We found that his first bullet had shattered the jaw.

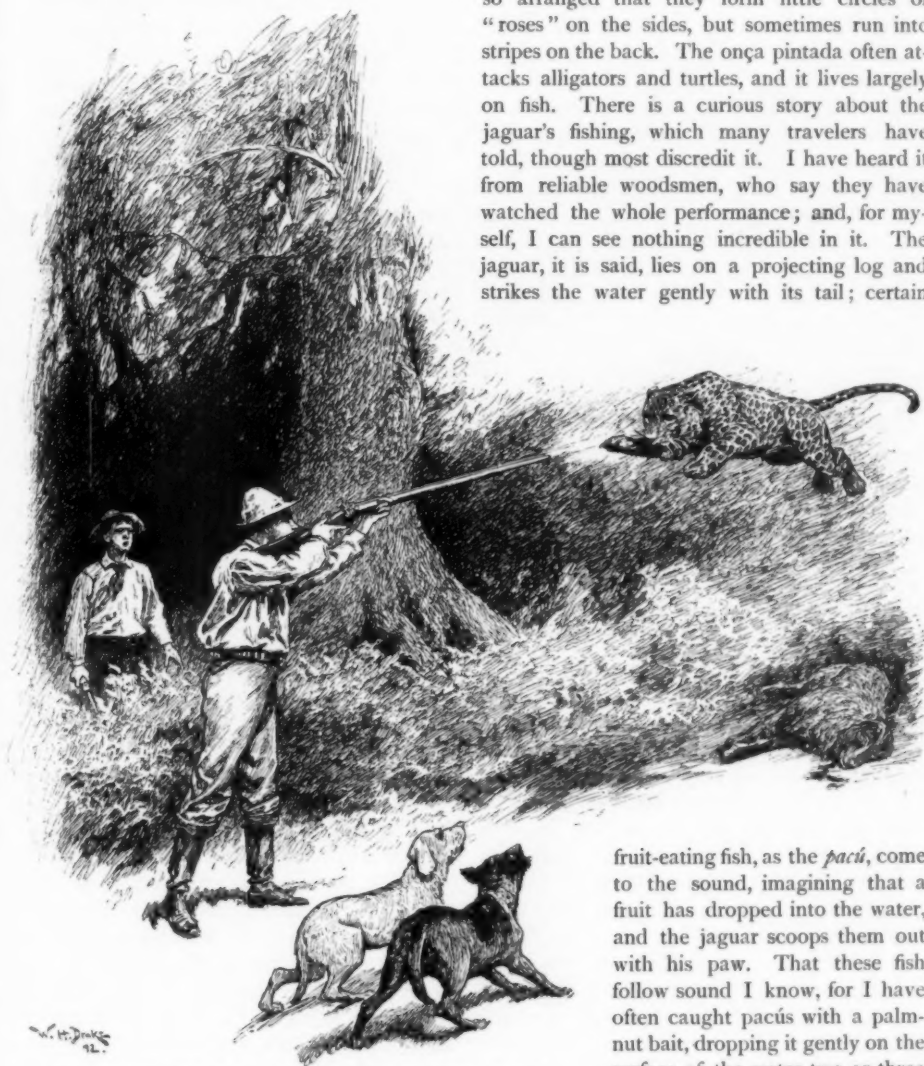
All this passed much more quickly than you can read it; but the congratulations that followed were long enough. We shook hands with Bert for several minutes, and again at intervals until night; and I am sure he deserved all the praise we could give him. It was not nerve merely, but coolness that gave him the victory. To face a jaguar's spring requires courage enough, but to put a ball in the right place, half a second after, is something few men would be capable of. Do you wonder that Bert is proud of that skin?

Vicente was the only unhappy member of the party. His dog was dead, if possible, than the jaguar, with half a dozen bones crushed; this was not altogether the result of the blow from the jaguar's paw, for the dog had been flung against a tree. Vicente had an unlucky way of losing a dog or two at every successful hunt; but he had so many that the loss hardly counted. The other dogs were all right. It was about ten minutes before they could be convinced that their enemy was really defunct, but when their yelps had quieted down they came in for a due share of praise. Bocanegra had behaved nobly, showing just the right combination of courage and caution. Thereafter he was known as an experienced jaguar-dog, and properly proud he was of the title.

We measured the jaguar—an old male—before taking off the skin: five feet and seven inches from nose to root of tail; the tail added would bring the total length to nearly eight feet. This was a good deal above the average, though I have seen skins quite six feet long, not including the tail. The body weighed, I suppose, not less than three hundred pounds. This was the variety or species called *cangussú* by the hunters of Matto Grosso; on the Amazons it is the *uriauára*, or dog-jaguar. All over South America three kinds of jaguars are distinguished; naturalists at present regard them as varieties, but I confess I am inclined to side with the hunters who laugh at the idea that these three are the same. The *cangussú*—the kind Bert had shot—is confined to the higher lands, never straying over the great swamps of

the Amazons and Paraguay. The ground color is pale tawny, almost white at times, and is irregularly covered with small black spots, which tend to run into stripes along the back. Besides hav-

swampy places where that plant grows. This is the common jaguar of the great river plains, though also seen occasionally on the highlands. It has a deep tawny coat, with large black spots so arranged that they form little circles or "roses" on the sides, but sometimes run into stripes on the back. The *onça pintada* often attacks alligators and turtles, and it lives largely on fish. There is a curious story about the jaguar's fishing, which many travelers have told, though most discredit it. I have heard it from reliable woodsmen, who say they have watched the whole performance; and, for myself, I can see nothing incredible in it. The jaguar, it is said, lies on a projecting log and strikes the water gently with its tail; certain



"THE SPOTTED COAT WAS IN THE AIR, SPRINGING RIGHT AT THE YOUNG HUNTER."

ing longer legs and tail, and it is altogether a more slender animal than the *onça pintada*, called by the Amazonian Indians *youareté-pacôra-sororôca*, or "jaguar of the wild plantain," because it frequents

fruit-eating fish, as the *pacú*, come to the sound, imagining that a fruit has dropped into the water, and the jaguar scoops them out with his paw. That these fish follow sound I know, for I have often caught *pacús* with a palm-nut bait, dropping it gently on the surface of the water two or three times; the fish, attracted by the noise, soon appear, and even leap after the fruit as trout leap to a fly. This is the common method of *pacú*-fishing on the Paraguay, and very good sport it is.

The onças pintadas swim well, as I can attest. I have seen one swimming across the river Cuyabá, where it is a quarter of a mile broad. It is said that they cross even the Paraguay and Amazons.

The third variety or species is the black "tiger," very rare on the Matto Grosso highlands, but common in the Amazonian and Orinoco forests. This is the largest and fiercest of all. At first sight the skin appears quite black; but on closer inspection still darker spots, similar to those of the onça pintada, can be distinguished.

I may add here that the puma — our North American species — is also found all over South America, and in many places is very common. It is a pest to the cattle-men, from its propensity for carrying off young calves; but otherwise it is little feared, and for size and fierceness will bear no comparison with the jaguars. South America has also a number of smaller species, ranging from the spotted *jaguaritirica*, nearly as large as a puma, down to the little gray and striped kinds hardly bigger than a domestic cat.

During our South American travels we heard of a good many encounters with jaguars, some of them ending in the death or maiming of the hunter. I knew of a man who stood over the insensible body of his friend and beat off a jaguar with his clubbed gun; the friend died that day, and the man himself never fully recovered from the wounds he received in his brave attempt to save his companion.

Near our Matto Grosso home there was an old, half-crazy mulatto, whose left arm was covered with hideous scars. We were told that this man found a jaguar killing one of his cattle; his only weapon was a knife like a large carving-knife — a kind often carried by Brazilians in the wild interior. The man wrapped a coarse cotton handkerchief about his left hand and arm, and ran at the jaguar with the knife in his right hand. Somehow he got his left arm into the animal's mouth and half down its throat; then he showered stabs against the jaguar's breast, while all the time the creature was crunching his arm and fighting with its claws. By some miracle the man did actually kill the jaguar; but he paid dearly for an en-

counter that only such a half-mad fellow would have ventured upon.

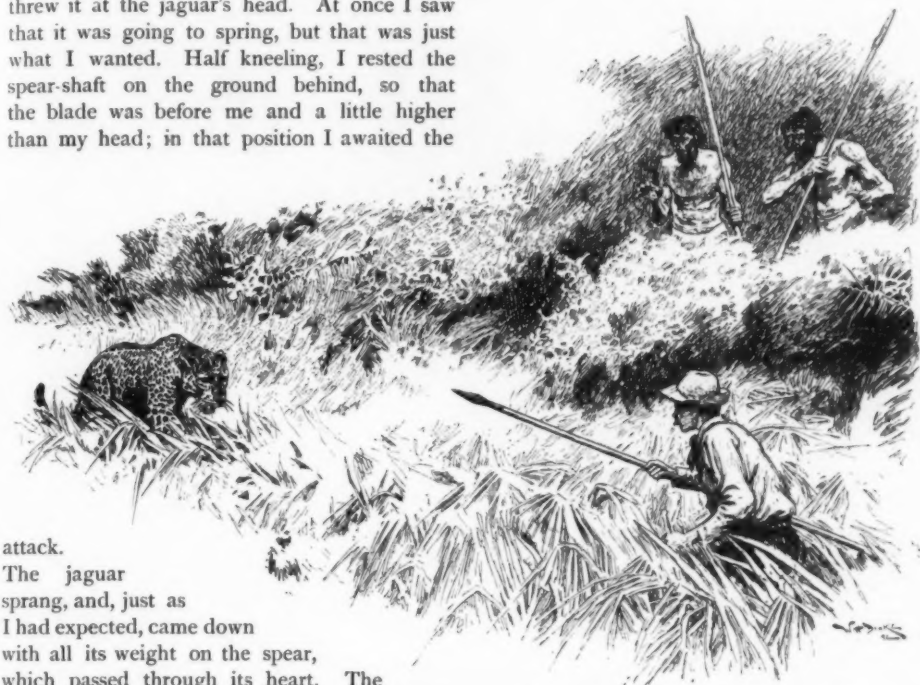
Before leaving the subject, I want to tell you the story of another jaguar-skin that is in my possession. It was taken from an onça pintada in the great swamp region of the upper Paraguay. I did not see the jaguar killed; I wish I had, for if jaguar-chasing with guns is exciting, the spear-hunting of the Guató Indians must be something superb.

My informant, the one who killed the jaguar, was a young fellow named Jones; the name he had from his English father, but he himself was a Bolivian, and he told me the story in Spanish. Jones had spent nearly all his life among the Guatós, — a fine race of Indians, very friendly to the whites, — and he had adopted many of their customs; among others, that of hunting the jaguar with a spear. He said he considered it surer and safer than a gun; perhaps it is, but the coolness and courage required must be something phenomenal. The spear he showed me was a stout pole about nine feet long, with a sharp iron head, like a lance-head, but larger and stronger. The Guató spears are usually tipped with bone, in aboriginal fashion.

"We were camped," he said, "with a party of Guatós, by Lake Uberába; the river was low then, but beginning to rise, and most of the open land was still dry. We had passed a miserable night, because of the heat and mosquitos; but I was used to it, and slept after a fashion. Early in the morning one of the Indians came in and reported fresh jaguar-tracks on the lake-shore close by; I suppose the animal had come down to drink during the night. We — that is, half a dozen Indians with myself — went after the jaguar at once, armed, as usual, with spears. I had dogs, but did not take them; they are sometimes useful in bringing the jaguar to bay, but beyond that they are of no use in this kind of hunting, — rather an impediment. We followed the track for a mile or more, through high grass, moving very cautiously and with the spears always advanced; at length we found the animal lying under some bushes, and luckily where the ground was a little more open. I directed the Indians to follow just behind me, and myself walked up to the jaguar slowly, keeping the spear-head always

toward it. The creature just crouched down and lashed its tail, growling a little, until I was no more than ten paces distant; then I stopped, broke a stick from a bush by my side, and threw it at the jaguar's head. At once I saw that it was going to spring, but that was just what I wanted. Half kneeling, I rested the spear-shaft on the ground behind, so that the blade was before me and a little higher than my head; in that position I awaited the

have coolly, you cannot fail to kill, or at least to disable, him. The only difficulty is to make him spring. If he fails to do so, there is no re-



attack.

The jaguar sprang, and, just as I had expected, came down with all its weight on the spear, which passed through its heart. The Indians ran up to assist me, but it was needless; the jaguar was quite dead. That is the whole secret of spear-hunting,—to provoke the jaguar to spring on you and to receive him on the point of the spear, taking care that the shaft rests firmly on the ground behind. If you be-

“‘I SAW THAT IT WAS GOING TO SPRING.’”

source but to attack him with the spear as he lies, and that is awkward; but I have killed a number so, too. I used to hunt jaguars with a gun and dogs, but it is dangerous business; the only sure weapon is the spear.”

JINGLE.

SAID a German professor, old Herr von Klotz,
“I’ve heard that the leopard can change his
spots,
And so I’m going out to the Zoo,
To find out whether or not it’s true.”

The Leopard reclined in a narrow space:
But soon he was crouched in another place,
And then in a third!—When Herr von Klotz
Cried, “Bless my soul! He has changed his
spots!”

WHEN MISTRESS PEGGY



COMES TO TOWN

BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

I.

THERE is such staring all about,
And such a running up and down;
The Dominic himself goes out,
And we behind him, two and two,—
We mind our manners, that we do,
When Mistress Peggy comes to town!

II.

The yellow coach goes rattling by,
With its white horses galloping;
The geese and chickens frightened fly,
Even the Parson's pigeons proud
Go scurrying through the dusty cloud;
The Blacksmith's anvil stops its ring!



"WE BEHIND HIM, TWO AND TWO."

III.

They draw up just a moment's
space,
For water, at the "Trusty
Three."
Once she leaned out,—we saw
her face,—
It was so pink and sweet and
all,
Like Granny's roses by the
wall!
She smiled at Cicely and me.

IV.

Then toots the horn, the whip
goes "crack!"
The dogs all bark the noise to
drown,
And off they dash; the dust
flies back;
The coach is out of sight at
last.
You 'd think a wind-storm had
blown past
When Mistress Peggy comes to
town!



"THE BLACKSMITH'S ANVIL STOPS ITS RING."



"ONCE SHE LEANED OUT,—WE SAW HER FACE."

POLLY OLIVER'S PROBLEM.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

Author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol," "A Summer in a Cañon," etc.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XVI.

POLLY LAUNCHES HER SHIPS.

THERE were great doings in the Bird's Nest.

A hundred dainty circulars, printed in black and scarlet on Irish linen paper, had been sent to those ladies on Mrs. Bird's calling-list who had children between the ages of five and twelve, that being Polly's chosen limit of age.

These notes of invitation read as follows:

"Come, tell us a story!"

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

Mrs. Donald Bird requests the pleasure of your company from 4.30 to 5.30 o'clock on Mondays or Thursdays from November to March inclusive.

FIRST GROUP: Mondays. Children from 5 to 8 years.
SECOND GROUP: Thursdays. " " 8 " 12 "

Each group limited in number to twenty-four.

Miss Pauline Oliver will tell stories suitable to the ages of the children, adapted to their prevailing interests, and appropriate to the special months of the year.

These stories will be chosen with the greatest care, and will embrace representative tales of all classes—narrative, realistic, scientific, imaginative, and historical. They will be illustrated by songs and blackboard sketches.

Terms for the Series (Twenty Hours), Five Dollars.

R. S. V. P.

Polly felt an absolute sense of suffocation as she saw Mrs. Bird seal and address the last square envelop.

"If anybody does come," she said, a little sadly, "I am afraid it will be only that it is at your lovely house."

"Don't be so foolishly independent, my child. If I gather the groups, it is only you who will be able to hold them together. I am your manager, and it is my duty to make the accessories as perfect as possible. When the scenery and costumes and stage settings are complete, you enter and do the real work. I retire, and the sole responsibility for success or failure rests

upon your shoulders. I should think that would be enough to satisfy the most energetic young woman. I had decided on the library as the scene of action. An open fire is indispensable, and that room is so large when the center table is lifted out,—but I am afraid it is hardly secluded enough, and that people might trouble you by coming in; so what do you think of the music-room up-stairs? You will have your fire, your piano, plenty of space, and a private entrance for the chicks, who can lay their wraps in the hall as they pass up. I will take that large Turkish rug from the red guest-chamber,—that will make the room look warmer,—and I have a dozen other charming devices which I will give you later as surprises."

"If I were half as sure of my part as I am of yours, dear Fairy Godmother, we should have nothing to fear. I have a general plan mapped out for the stories, but a great deal of the work will have to be done from week to week as I go on. I shall use the same program in the main for both groups, but I shall simplify everything and illustrate more freely for the little ones, telling the historical and scientific stories with much more detail to the older group. This is what Mr. Bird calls my 'basic idea,' which will be filled out from week to week according to inspiration. For November, I shall make autumn, the harvest, and Thanksgiving the starting-point. I am all ready with my historical story of 'The First Thanksgiving,' for I told it at the Children's Hospital last year, and it went beautifully.

"I have one doll dressed in Dutch costume, to show how the little Pilgrim children looked when they lived in Holland; and another dressed like a Puritan maiden, to show them the simple old New England gown. Then I have two fine pictures of Miles Standish and the Indian chief Massasoit.

"For December and January I shall have Christmas and winter, and frost and ice and snow, with the contrasts of Eastern and Californian climates."

"I can get the Immigration Bureau to give you a percentage on that story, Polly," said Uncle Jack Bird, who had strolled in and taken a seat. "Just make your facts strong enough, and you can make a handsome thing out of that idea."

"Don't interrupt us, Jack," said Mrs. Bird; "and go directly out, if you please. You were not asked to this party."

"Where was I?" continued Polly. "Oh, yes!—the contrast between Californian and Eastern winters; and January will have a moral story or two, you know,—New Year's resolutions, and all that. February will be full of sentiment and patriotism—St. Valentine's Day and Washington's Birthday—I can hardly wait for that, there are so many lovely things to do in that month. March will bring in the first hint of spring. The Winds will serve for my science story; and as it chances to be a presidential year, we will celebrate Inauguration Day, and have some history, if a good many subscribers come in."

"Why do you say 'if,' Polly? Multitudes of names are coming in. I have told you so from the beginning."

"Very well, then; when a sufficient number of names are entered, I should like to spend ten dollars on a very large kindergarten sand-table, which I can use with the younger group for illustrations. It is perfectly clean work, and I have helped Miss Denison and her children to do the loveliest things with it. She makes geography lessons—plains, hills, mountains, valleys, rivers, and lakes; or the children make a picture of the story they have just heard. I saw them do 'Over the River and through the Wood to Grandfather's House we go,' 'Washington's Winter Camp at Valley Forge,' and 'The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere.' I have ever so many songs chosen, and those for November and December are almost learned without my notes. I shall have to work very hard to be ready twice a week!"

"Too hard, I fear," said Mrs. Bird, anxiously.

"Oh, no; not a bit too hard! If the children

are only interested, I shall not mind any amount of trouble. By the way, dear Mrs. Bird, you won't let the nurses or mothers stand in the doorways? You will please see that I am left quite alone with the children, won't you?"

"Certainly; no mothers shall be admitted, if they make you nervous; it is the children's hour. But after two or three months, when you have all become acquainted, and the children are accustomed to listening attentively, I almost hope you will allow a few nurses to come in and sit in the corners—the ones who bring the youngest children, for example; it would be such a means of education to them. There's another idea for you next year: a nurses' class in story-telling."

"It would be rather nice, would n't it?—and I should be older then, and more experienced. I really think I could do it, if Miss Denison would help me by talks and instructions. She will be here next year. Oh, how the little plan broadens out!"

"And, Polly, you have chosen to pay for your circulars, and propose to buy your sand-table. This I agree to, if you insist upon it; though why I should n't help my godchild, I cannot quite understand. But knowing you were so absorbed in other matters that you would forget the frivolities, I have ventured to get you some pretty little gowns for the 'story hours,' and I want you to accept them for your Christmas present. They will serve for all your 'afternoons' and for our little home dinners, as you will not be going out anywhere this winter."

"Oh, how kind you are, Mrs. Bird! You load me with benefits, and how can I ever repay you?"

"You do not have to repay them to me necessarily, my child; you can pass them over, as you will be constantly doing, to all these groups of children, day after day. I am a sort of stupid, rich old lady who serves as a source of supply. My chief brilliancy lies in devising original methods for getting rid of my surplus in all sorts of odd and delightful ways, left untried, for the most part, by other people. I've been buying up splendid old trees in the outskirts of certain New England country towns,—trees that were in danger of being cut

down for wood. Twenty-five to forty dollars buys a glorious tree, and it is safe for ever and ever to give shade to the tired traveler and beauty to the landscape. Each of my boys has his pet odd scheme for helping the world to 'go right.' Donald, for instance, puts stamps on all the unstamped letters displayed in the Cambridge post-office, and sends them spinning on their way. He never receives the thanks of the careless writers, but he takes pleasure in making things straight. Paul writes me from Phillips Academy that this year he is sending the nine Ruggles children (a poor family of our acquaintance) to some sort of entertainment once every month. Hugh has just met a lovely girl who has induced him to help her maintain a boarding establishment for sick and deserted cats and dogs; and there we are!"

"But I'm a young, strong girl, and I fear I'm not so worthy an object of charity as a tree, an unstamped letter, an infant Ruggles, or a deserted cat! Still, I know the dresses will be lovely, and I had quite forgotten that I must be clothed in purple and fine linen for five months to come. It would have been one of my first thoughts last year, I am afraid; but lately this black dress has shut everything else from my sight."

"It was my thought that you should give up your black dress just for these occasions, dear, and wear something more cheerful for the children's sake. The dresses are very simple, but they will please you, I know. They will be brought home this evening, and you must slip them all on and show yourself to us in each."

They would have pleased anybody, even a princess, Polly thought, as she stood before her bed that evening patting the four pretty new waists, and smoothing with childlike delight the folds of the four pretty skirts. It was such an odd sensation to have four dresses at a time!

They were of simple and inexpensive materials, as was appropriate; but Mrs. Bird's exquisite taste and feeling for what would suit Polly's personality made them more attractive than if they had been rich and elegant.

There was a white China silk, with bodice and shoulder-knots of black velvet; a white Japanese crêpe, with little purple lilacs strewn over its surface, and frills of violet ribbon for

ornament; a Christmas dress of soft, white camel's hair, with bands of white-fox fur round the slightly pointed neck and elbow-sleeves; and, last of all, a Quaker gown of silver-gray nun's cloth, with a surplice and full undersleeves of white crêpe-lisse.

"I'm going to be vain, Mrs. Bird!" cried Polly, with compunction in her voice. "I've never had a real beautiful, undyed, un-made-over dress in my whole life, and I shall never have strength of character to own four at once without being vain!"

This speech was uttered through the crack of the library door, outside of which Polly stood gathering courage to walk in and be criticized.

"Think of your aspiring nose, Sapphira!" came from a voice within.

"Oh! are you there too, Edgar?"

"Of course I am, and so is Tom Mills. The news that you are going to 'try on' is all over the neighborhood! If you have cruelly fixed the age limit so that we can't possibly get in to the performances, we are going to attend all the dress rehearsals. — Oh, ye little fishes! what a seraphic Sapphira! I wish Tony were here!"

She was pretty, there was no doubt about it, as she turned about like a revolving wax figure in a show-window, and assumed absurd fashionable attitudes; and pretty chiefly because of the sparkle, intelligence, sunny temper, and vitality that made her so magnetic.

Nobody could decide which was the loveliest dress, even when she had appeared in each one twice. In the lilac and white crêpe with a bunch of dark Parma violets thrust in her corsage Uncle Jack called her a poem. Edgar asserted openly that in the Christmas toilet he should like to have her modeled in wax and put in a glass case on his table; but Mrs. Bird and Tom Mills voted for the Quaker gray in which she made herself inexpressibly demure by braiding her hair in two discreet braids down her back.

"The dress rehearsal is over. Good night all!" she said as she took her candle. "I will say 'handsome is as handsome does' fifty times before I go to sleep, and perhaps—I only say perhaps—I may be used to my beautiful clothes in a week or two so that I shall be my usual modest self again."

"Good-night, Polly," said the boys; "we will see you to-morrow."

"'Pauline,' if you please, not 'Polly.' I ceased to be Polly this morning when the circulars were posted. I am now Miss Pauline Oliver, story-teller by profession."

tiful streets and before a very large and elegant house. This did not surprise me, as I knew her husband to be a very wealthy man. There seemed to be various entrances, for the house stood with its side to the main street; but when I had at last selected a bell to ring, I became



"MISS PAULINE OLIVER, STORY-TELLER BY PROFESSION."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR. REPORTED IN A LETTER BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

"It was the last Monday in March, and I had come in from my country home to see if I could find my old school friend, Margaret Crosby, who is now Mrs. Donald Bird and who is spending a few years in California.

"The directory gave me her address, and I soon found myself on the corner of two beau-

convinced that I had not, after all, gone to the front door. It was too late to retreat, however, and very soon the door was opened by a pretty maid-servant in a white cap and apron.

"'You need n't have rung, 'm; they goes right in without ringing to-day,' she said smilingly.

"'Can I see Mrs. Bird?' I asked.

"'Well, 'm,' she said hesitatingly, 'she 's in Paradise.'

"Lovely Margaret Crosby dead! How sud-

den it must have been, I thought, growing pale with the shock of the surprise; but the pretty maid, noticing that something had ruffled my equanimity, went on hastily:

"Excuse me, 'm. I forgot you might be a stranger, but all the nurses and mothers always comes to this door, and we 're all a bit flustered on account of its bein' Miss Pauline's last "afternoon," and the mothers call the music room "Paradise," 'm, and Mr. John and the rest of us have took it up without thinkin' very much how it might sound to strangers."

"Oh! I see," I said mechanically, though I did n't see in the least; but although the complicated explanation threw very little light on general topics, it did have the saving grace of assuring me that Margaret Bird was living.

"Could you call her out for a few minutes?" I asked. "I am an old friend, and shall be disappointed not to see her."

"I 'm sorry, 'm, but I could n't possibly call her out; it would be as much as my place is worth. Her strict orders is that nobody once inside of Paradise door shall be called out."

"(That does seem reasonable, I thought to myself.)

"But," she continued, "Mrs. Bird told me to let young Mr. Noble up the stairs so 't he could peek in the door, and as you 're an old friend I hev n't no objections to your going up softly and peekin' in with him, till Miss Pauline's through,—it won't be long, 'm."

"My curiosity was aroused by this time, and I came to the conclusion that 'peekin' in the door' of Paradise with 'young Mr. Noble' would be better than nothing; so up I went, like a thief in the night.

"The room was at the head of the stairs, and one of the doors was open, and had a heavy portière hanging across it. Behind this was 'young Mr. Noble' 'peekin'' most greedily, together with a middle-aged gentleman not described by the voluble parlor-maid. They did n't seem to notice me; they were otherwise occupied, or perhaps they thought me one of the nurses or mothers. I had heard the sound of a piano as I crossed the hall, but it was still now. I crept behind 'young Mr. Noble,' and took a good 'peek' into Paradise.

"It was a very large room that looked as if it

might have been built for a ball-room; at least there was a wide, cushioned bench running around three sides of it, close to the wall. On one side, behind some black-and-gold Japanese screens, where they could hear and not be seen, sat a row of silent, capped and aproned nurse-maids, and bonneted mamas. Mrs. Bird was among them, lovely and serene as an angel still, though she has had her troubles. There was a great fireplace in the room, but it was banked up with purple and white lilacs. There was a bowl of the same flowers on the grand piano, and a clump of bushes sketched in chalk on a blackboard. Just then a lovely young girl walked from the piano and took a low chair in front of the fireplace.

"Before her there were grouped ever so many children, twenty-five or thirty perhaps. The tots in the front rows were cozy and comfortable on piles of cushions, and the seven- or eight-year-olds in the back row were in seats a little higher. Each child had a sprig of lilac in its hand. The young girl wore a soft white dress with lavender flowers scattered all over it, and a great bunch of the flowers in her belt.

"She was a lovely creature! At least, I believe she was! I have an indistinct remembrance that her enemies (if she has any) might call her hair red; but I could n't stop looking at her long enough at the time to decide precisely what color it was. And I believe (now that several days have passed) that her nose turned up; but at the moment, whenever I tried to see just how much it wandered from the Grecian outline, her eyes dazzled me and I never found out.

"As she seated herself in their midst, the children turned their faces expectantly toward her, like flowers toward the sun.

"You know it's the last Monday, dears," she said; "and we 've had our good-by story."

"Tell it again! Sing it again!" came from two kilted adorers in the back row.

"Not to-day," and she shook her head with a smile. "You know we always stop within the hour, and that is the reason we are always eager to come again; but this little sprig of lilac that you all hold in your hands has something to tell; not a long story, just a piece of one for another good-by. I think when we go home,

if we all press the flowers in heavy books and open the books sometimes while we are away from each other this summer, that the sweet fragrance will come to us again, and the little faded blossom will tell its own story to each one of us. And this is the story,' she said, as she turned her spray of lilac in her fingers.

"There was once a little lilac-bush that grew by a child's window. There was no garden there, only a tiny bit of ground with a few green things in it; and because there were no trees in the crowded streets, the birds perched on the lilac-bush to sing, and two of them even built a nest in it once, for want of something larger.

"It had been a very busy lilac-bush all its life: drinking up moisture from the earth and making it into sap; adding each year a tiny bit of wood to its slender trunk; filling out its leaf-buds; making its leaves larger and larger; and then—oh, happy, happy time!—hanging its purple flowers here and there among the branches.

"It always felt glad of its hard work when Hester came to gather some of its flowers just before Easter Sunday. For one spray went to the little table where Hester and her mother ate together; one to Hester's teacher; one to the gray-stone church around the corner, and one to a little lame girl who sat, and sat, quite still day after day by the window of the next house.

"But one year—this very last year, children—the lilac-bush grew tired of being good and working hard; and the more it thought about it, the sadder and sorrier and more discouraged it grew. The winter had been dark and rainy; the ground was so wet that its roots felt slippery and uncomfortable; there was some disagreeable moss growing on its smooth branches; the sun almost never shone; the birds came but seldom; and at last the lilac-bush said, 'I will give up; I am not going to bud or bloom or do a single thing for Easter this year! I don't care if my trunk does n't grow, nor my buds swell, nor my leaves grow larger! If Hester wants her room shaded, she can pull the curtain down, and the lame girl can—*do without*, it was going to say, but it did n't dare—oh,

it did n't dare to think of the poor little lame girl without any flowers; so it stopped short and hung its head.

"Six or eight weeks ago, Hester and her mother went out one morning to see the lilac-bush.

"'It does n't look at all as it ought,' said Hester, shaking her head sadly. 'The buds are very few, and they are all shrunken. See how limp and flabby the stems of the leaves look!'

"'Perhaps it is dead,' said Hester's mother, 'or perhaps it is too old to bloom.'

"('I like that!' thought the lilac-bush. 'I'm not dead and I'm not dying, though I'd just as lief die as to keep on working in this dark, damp, unpleasant winter, or spring, or whatever they call it; and as for being past blooming, I would just like to show her, if it was n't so much trouble! How old does she think I am, I wonder? There is n't a thing in this part of the city that is over ten years old, and I was n't planted first, by any means!')

"And then Hester said, 'My darling, darling lilac-bush! Easter won't be Easter without it; and lame Jenny leans out of her window every day as I come from school, and asks, "Is the lilac budding?"'

"('Oh, dear!' sighed the little bush. 'I wish she would n't talk that way; it makes me so nervous to have Jenny asking questions about me! It starts my sap circulating, and I shall grow in spite of me!')

"'Let us see what we can do to help it,' said Hester's mother. 'Take your trowel and dig round the roots first.'

"('Guess they'll get into a moist and sticky place, by the way I feel!' thought the lilac.)

"'Then put in some new earth, the richest you can get, and we'll snip off all the withered leaves and dry twigs, and see if it won't take a new start.'

"('I shall have to, I believe, whether I like it or not, if they make such a fuss about me!' thought the lilac-bush. 'It seems a pity if a thing can't stop growing and be let alone and die if it wants to!')

"But though it grumbled a little at first, it felt so much better after Hester and her mother had spent the afternoon caring for it, that it

began to grow a little, just out of gratitude,—and what do you think happened?

“George Washington came and chopped it down with his little hatchet,” said an eager person in front.

“The lame girl came to look at it,” sang out a small chap in the back row.

“No,” she answered, with an irrepressible smile; “it was a cherry-tree that George Washington chopped, Lucy; and I told you, Arthur, that the poor little lame girl could n’t walk a step. But the sun began to shine—that is the first thing that happened. Day after day the sun shone, because everything seems to help the people and the things that help themselves. The rich earth gave everything it had to give for sap, and the warm air dried up the ugly moss that spoiled the beauty of its trunk.

“Then the lilac-bush was glad again, and it could hardly grow fast enough because it knew it would be behind time, at any rate; for of course it could n’t stand still grumbling and doing nothing for weeks and get its work done as soon as the other plants. But it made sap all day long, and the buds grew into little leaves, and the little leaves into larger ones, and then it began to group its flower-buds among the branches. By this time it was the week before Easter, and it fairly sat up nights to work.

“Hester knew that it was going to be more beautiful than it ever was in its life before (that was because it never tried so hard, though of course Hester could n’t know that), but she was only afraid that it would n’t bloom soon enough, it was so very late this spring.

“But the very morning before Easter Sunday, Hester turned in her sleep and dreamed that a sweet, sweet fragrance was stealing in at her open window. A few minutes later she ran across her room, and lo! every cluster of buds on the lilac-bush had opened into purple

flowers, and they were waving in the morning sunshine, as if to say, ‘We are ready, Hester! We are ready, after all!’

“And one spray was pinned in the teacher’s dress,—it was shabby and black,—and she was glad of the flower because it reminded her of home.

“And one spray stood in a vase on Hester’s dining-table. There was never very much dinner in Hester’s house, but they did not care that day, because the lilac was so beautiful.

“One bunch lay on the table in the church, and one, the loveliest of all, stood in a cup of water on the lame girl’s window-sill; and when she went to bed that night she moved it to the table beside her head, and put her thin hand out to touch it in the dark, and went to sleep smiling.

“And each of the lilac flowers was glad that the bush had bloomed.”

“The children drew a deep breath. They smoothed their flower-sprays gently, and one pale boy held his up to his cheek as if it had been a living thing.

“Tell it again,” cried the tomboy.

“Is it true?” asked the boy in kilts.

“I think it is,” said the girl, gently. “Of course, Tommy, the flowers never tell us their secrets in words; but I have watched that lilac-bush all through the winter and spring, and these are the very blossoms you are holding to-day. It seems true, does n’t it?”

“Yes,” they said thoughtfully.

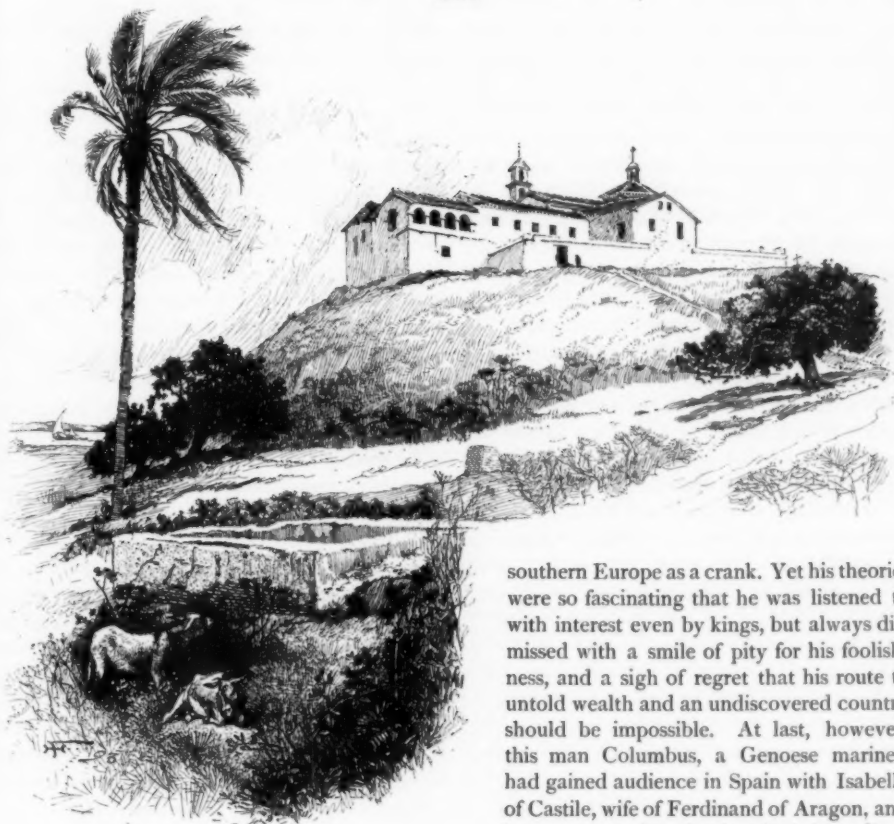
“Shall you press yours, Miss Pauline, and will it tell you a story, too, when you look at it?” asked one little tot as they all crowded about her for a good-by kiss.

“Miss Pauline caught her up in her arms, and I saw her take the child’s apron and wipe away a tear as she said, ‘Yes, dear, it will tell me a story, too,—a long, sad, sweet, helpful story!’”



COLUMBUS AT LA RÁBIDA.

BY ENSIGN JOHN M. ELLICOTT, U. S. N.



THE CONVENT OF LA RÁBIDA.

NEAR a small town on the coast of Spain, at the junction of two little rivers, on a high bluff close to the sea, there stood four hundred years ago a low, irregular building with plastered walls, and red-tiled roof surmounted by an iron cross. It was the convent of La Rábida, and on the night of August 2, 1492, there slept in one of its little upper rooms a stranger, gaunt and solemn, a guest of the monks. He was a man who had become known all through

southern Europe as a crank. Yet his theories were so fascinating that he was listened to with interest even by kings, but always dismissed with a smile of pity for his foolishness, and a sigh of regret that his route to untold wealth and an undiscovered country should be impossible. At last, however, this man Columbus, a Genoese mariner, had gained audience in Spain with Isabella of Castile, wife of Ferdinand of Aragon, and her woman's imagination had been fired with enthusiasm, and her woman's heart filled with a generous desire to aid the bold explorer in making his search into the terrible western ocean. Even with the necessary money, the determined man was driven almost to despair in his unsuccessful efforts to induce others to join in his enterprise; but destiny finally guided him to the little town of Palos, and there he found another mariner adventurous like himself, who was besides a man of wealth and action and an owner of ships. Thus it happened that

by August 1, 1492, three little ships were ready to set sail from Palos upon the dangerous voyage.

The guest of the monks had passed a restless, anxious night; and, several times before the first golden streaks of dawn lighted up the little square window cut through the thick wall, he had arisen and climbed to the roof of the convent to look for the favoring breeze which would waft him westward. At last such a visit brought him exultant joy, for across the plains of southern Spain, still wreathed in the mists of the morning, straight from the blue hills outlined against the golden sunrise there came the favoring easterly breeze, all fragrant with the odor of herbs and blossoms. Then he turned to look down upon his little fleet anchored in the river at the foot of the bluff: one of them fairly large, but the other two tiny craft in which even the boldest might hesitate to venture far from land.

The opportunity for which he had prepared himself since childhood had at last come! What solemn thoughts must have filled the mind of that deep-thinking man as he stood on the roof of La Rábida in the early daylight, and gazed from his little fleet out across that great ocean into which no human being had dared to lead the way,— which even intelligent men of his time believed to be filled with strange, fierce monsters, and to be frequently visited by most terrible storms.

There was no time then, however, to harbor such disturbing thoughts. The time for action had come, and Columbus descended from the roof to join the monks, already astir. With them he went down into the little chapel for a last solemn communion with God within its walls. Then the monks escorted him and his followers to the beach, and he was rowed to the ships with his head bowed to receive a final blessing. The sails, upon which were big red crosses, were spread to the wind, and a breathless, wondering crowd watched the ships as they glided down the river, and slowly away, until lost to sight below the distant horizon. Not one in the onlooking crowd expected to see those little caravels again, and mothers, sisters, and wives wept for the departed ones as if they had died. In fact, the largest of the three ships never returned, for she was wrecked one

calm night by drifting upon a coral reef on the coast of Hayti.

Many months afterward a little caravel, battered and broken and stained by terrible storms, sailed into Lisbon, bringing back the intrepid explorer; and Christopher Columbus marched in triumph across Spain to stand before Ferdinand and Isabella at Barcelona, no longer a poor crank from Genoa, but a great discoverer from a new world!

We all know how another turn of the wheel of fortune was in store for this strange man, and how, instead of honors, he was loaded with chains and brought back from a final trip to his newly discovered lands to die broken-hearted. The continents which his genius discovered were named after an Italian map-maker; and, when the great discoverer died, people juggled with his bones until it became uncertain where they lay. His discovery proved to be of such magnitude, that he himself was utterly forgotten while nations vied with one another to explore the new lands to their utmost limits, and strove keenly for the possession of the fairer parts.

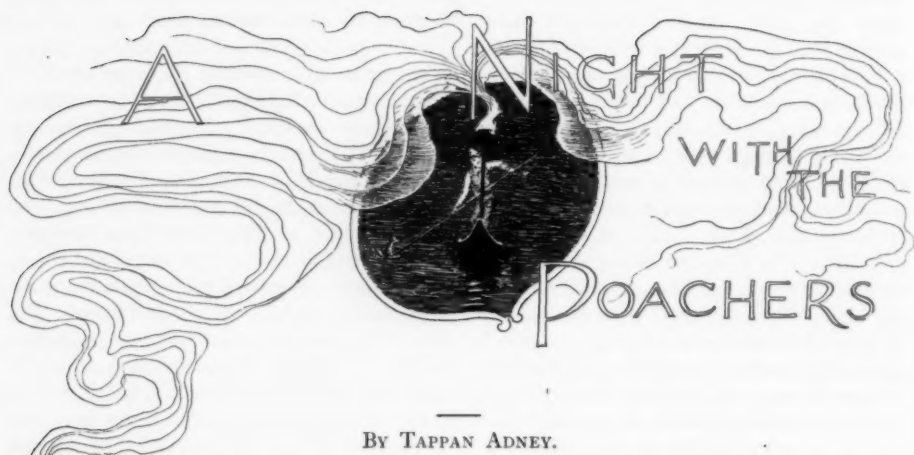
Columbus had torn away the veil of superstition and ignorance which had hidden the western ocean, and had shown to the astonished nations new lands of dazzling beauty and fabulous wealth. There had been a moment of breathless amazement during which the greatness of the discoverer was not less than the magnitude of his discovery. Then he was pushed aside and trampled out of sight in the greedy rush to secure the riches. In his New World, the first century after his discovery was a century of plunder, the second a century of settlement, and the third a century of growth. Nobody thought of Columbus during three centuries of selfishness. Then came a great reaction. At the end of those three centuries, people in the New World were no longer adventurers. They had been born and brought up in it; they had cultivated and developed it; and at last they came together and said, This land is now ours and we should rule it. To the centuries of plunder and settlement and growth was then added a fourth—the century of independence; and during this fourth century the absence of plunder and contention gave time for reflection, and a grateful people looked

back to see to whom they owed the possession of their fair land. Back through the three centuries of selfish strife they looked, until history brought before them one man whose brain alone had believed in the existence of their land, and whose conviction had carried him ever onward through years of derision and disfavor, and in frail craft across terrible unknown seas until he had proven his conception to be a glorious truth. Honor at last was bestowed where honor was due, and during the century of independence in the New World, Columbus and Columbia became the names of countries and cities and rivers; and as the century is now closing, the Old World vies with the New in honors to the great explorer.

Could Columbus, therefore, have stood again on the roof of La Rábida on the morning of October 12, 1892, at first glance he might almost have thought that his sleep of ages had been the sleep of a single night. He would have found about him the same familiar gables of the little convent, the same undulating plains of southern Spain, the same sluggish, muddy rivers, Tinto and Odiel; and, riding at anchor in the former, his own three caravels, the "Santa Maria," "Pinta," and "Niña"! But as he glanced up the Odiel toward Huelva, he would have seen a strange, perplexing sight. Immense ships, almost grotesque in shape, were rushing down the river, moving swiftly without sails and without wind, while from big chimneys poured volumes of black smoke as if they were on fire within. On their decks were guns of enormous size, and from masthead to masthead flew flags and banners the discoverer had never seen. Rounding the point, these ships dropped anchor near the convent, dwarfing his little caravels to pygmies. Just where he had embarked, bodies of troops in strange uniforms were landed on a new pier, and marched toward the convent. From the ships, countless officers in brilliant uni-

forms landed and formed in two lines the whole length of the pier. Behind them crowded the gaping populace (like that other throng of 1492, on the memorable morning of his departure).

Then from the leading ship came a boat bearing a purple standard; and, when it reached the steps of the new pier, there stepped ashore, amid the thundering roar of the heavy cannon, a sad-faced woman and a fair-haired boy—the Queen Regent and the little King of Spain. The officers in line bared their heads and bowed low as these two passed, while from the pressing crowd came cries of "The Queen! The King!" In a carriage drawn by four fine horses, these two, with their attendants, were driven between the lines of soldiers up a broad avenue toward the convent; and, following them with his eyes, the great Columbus would have turned until he beheld rising in rear of the convent a tall white shaft of marble, capped by a bronze globe and surmounted by a cross. Then he would have seen the queen and the little king enthroned in a purple-curtained pavilion before this monument, the officers of strange nations forming an avenue between, the troops drawn up in radiating lines about it, and the populace massed in thousands upon the hillsides. And as the silver-robed bishops knelt in solemn ceremony upon the steps of the monument, he would have seen inscribed thereon in flaming letters of gold his own name, "Christobal Colon," and beneath it two dates—1492–1892. Then would he have known that those monster ships which he had seen moving without wind or sails represented four centuries of maritime progress, and those strange flags, four centuries of political changes; while that concourse of people was the gathering of all Spain, from royalty to populace, and of all the nations of the earth, to honor his memory; and that in spite of chains and disfavor in his lifetime, his greatness had survived him four hundred years.



BY TAPPAN ADNEY.

VERY year, as the summer season approaches, the salmon of the Atlantic ocean leave their feeding-grounds in the northern seas and enter the clear, cool rivers of the extreme eastern United States and the Canadian Provinces. Impelled by a singular instinct, this noble fish, day after day, week after week, works its way toward the heads of the streams, up the swiftest rapids and through the quiet pools, leaping every obstruction. During the whole summer this great army pushes onward, dividing at the forks of a river and breaking up into still smaller bands where tributaries enter. Of the great multitude that left the ocean, every fish has reached the very spot, the very pool where it was born and lived the first eight months of its life—*except* the many that never passed the cruel nets, and those that jumped at the beautiful flies which are tied to long silken lines, or else, dazzled by the gleam of torches, were pulled into canoes by men with spears.

At length the object of their weary march is attained, and so the army disbands. The long journey has been conducted in a leisurely way, only a few miles each day, but with wonderful persistence. Enemies in the water, fishermen with rods and reels, and poachers with spears thin their ranks; but those that reach their homes at the heads of the rivers are protected

by a wise law, which prohibits their capture from the time when they begin to lay their eggs until the anchor ice, choking the streams, drives back to the sea the fish, now lean and hungry with long fasting; for the salmon is a dainty feeder in its summer home, touching the most tempting and alluring flies only occasionally. Yet, a tiny young salmon, called a "parr," having attained the first six or eight inches of its length in fresh water, returns the following year a year-old salmon, or "grilse," of four pounds weight.

Along the banks of nearly every salmon river, live people who regard the fish in the waters before their doors not as objects of sport alone, but as a supply of food. Those who value the animal or fish itself, without being particular about the means of getting it, are contemptuously spoken of by the true sportsman as "pot-hunters." All these people, of whom the most are white men, but some are Indians, are poor; and they believe that fish in the streams should be free to all. Some, indeed, resent any legal interference with the right they claim to take a salmon at any season, even on the spawning-beds,—which is quite wrong; but the more intelligent of them, while granting the need of some protection, do, however, feel to be a hardship the law which allows one set of men to kill a fish in *one* way and prevents, or aims to prevent, another set of

men from doing the same thing in a different way.

The sportsman uses a fly and worries the fish for perhaps several hours, and often is able to buy from the Government the exclusive right to

Is the spear too destructive? One club of American gentlemen that fishes in a Canadian river caught, with the fly, over fourteen thousand pounds in one year, and paid four thousand dollars to wardens to prevent poach-



"SPEARING SALMON AT NIGHT."

fish, for he is generally wealthy or belongs to a rich club. The other man is not allowed to use his spear, and often is prevented from fishing at all. He cannot understand why this should be so, and so he becomes a poacher.

ing. A gentleman belonging to another club, as a result of a few weeks' work with the fly, sent home eighty salmon, fished on Sunday in defiance of a club rule, and was the one man of his club hardest upon the poor poach-

ers who ran the gantlet of his wardens and caught a fish or two.

Now, every man there, and every boy, too, who is big enough to hold a ten-foot spruce pole with a pair of wooden jaws tied to one end, is a poacher,—all but the fish-wardens, who would be poachers if they were not wardens, and who are suspected of slyly doing a little fishing, "unbeknownst"; for, as Charles Kingsley quaintly puts it, "a gamekeeper is only a poacher turned inside out."

Now, think of standing in a canoe twenty-four inches wide, and striking a fish in nine feet of water as it darts swiftly past! I have stood in the stern of such a canoe and seen it done by a poacher who could n't tell one fly from another—a Jock Scott from a Silver Doctor. Are the men who fish with flies more skilful?

Two men have built a camp on the bank of the best and most beautiful pool to be found on a celebrated salmon river in Canada. Gentlemen from the city are whipping the deep black pools with slender rods, out of canoes propelled by Indians, while wardens keep watch at night, many, many miles below where these men are. But the water runs swiftly and is rough, and the rocks have sharp edges that cut; so the lazy Indians never take their passengers to that distant spot, near the river's source, nor care to risk their frail birch canoes. Only bears and moose and greedy trout and great, glistening salmon live there, and it is too far away to be guarded by men.

With high hills on both sides, and a wilderness of black spruce and fir growing to the water's edge, except for a fringe of tall grass, lies this pool. It is as clear as a crystal, and on quiet days as smooth as a looking-glass—the only breathing-spot in a little mountain river, two rods wide, that for the next twenty miles of its course does not cease to rush, roar, and tumble. The water above it, noisily splash-

ing over a shallow bar where the pebbles are like cobblestones, suddenly stops. The bottom drops away to a depth of a dozen feet, and a little procession of bubbles and patches of white foam lingering on the surface close to the left-hand bank barely shows where the current is. Then the pool widens, and assumes a broad triangular shape. The bottom, now covered with soft, sparkling sand, gradually rises nearer and nearer to the surface, until, without a murmur or an effort, the water drips in a broad expanse over the edge of a sandy bar as if poured from a large pan. Then moving faster, it passes around the small grassy islands, joins into one stream behind them, and hurries on again, noisy after its short rest. Moose and caribou (which are like reindeer) come down here at night to drink, and splash the water with their hoofs, and leave traces in the sand that men can find by daylight.

It is the month of August. Among the rough trunks of the spruces, upon a high bank overlooking the water, the two men have built their hasty camp. Two forked poles, higher than one's head, have been driven six feet apart into the soft, moss-carpeted earth. A long pole has been laid across the top of these, and other poles leaned against it. These in turn are covered with wide, flat, evergreen boughs for a roof, but the sides of this camp are open. Small evergreens are also strewn thickly upon the ground beneath for a bed, and dry logs of spruce piled high in front, with tall stakes driven behind them, are blazing merrily, and making the hut comfortable for the approaching night. A large supply of dry logs for the fire during the night lies within easy reach, for the men have only their coats to put over them, and the night will be cold, although it is summer-time. The tea-kettle is boiling over the blaze, and the fat bacon is sizzling in the frying-pan upon the red coals.

One of the two in this party is a stranger, a young man from the city. But as he is there to learn, and to see for the first time that which is about to take place, the reader is not concerned with him further than to remember that he has lately been taught somewhat of the wonderful things to be seen in the woods, that he is fairly expert with the paddle, and



SPEAR.

stands in the stern of the canoe behind the man with the spear. The other, accustomed to the ways of the woods, was by turns a lumberman, a hunter, and a trapper. He had lived his life on the banks of that same river, was the father of two as irrepressible young scamps as ever were chased by fish-wardens, and had in his own time taken many a fish. Not a man in that country had there been who was more at home in a canoe, and quicker or surer of his aim. But now he is an old man whose head is turning gray, and whose ruddy, good-natured face, wherever it is not covered with the bountiful beard, is showing a few wrinkles. He has turned over to his boys whatever right he may have had to levy toll upon the finny travelers on the river highway, and has not speared a fish for several years.

The early supper eaten, they at once make preparations for the evening's work. After a few minutes' search, half a dozen paper-birches are found, from which large sheets of thick bark are peeled. These, folded into bundles about a foot and a half long, five inches wide, and of half a dozen thicknesses of bark, are tied in several places with bands of tough bark stripped from a small cedar. Fifteen or twenty such bundles are made ready; then the spear—it has been made only a few days before and put into the bottom of the canoe. It is a stout pole of peeled spruce, two inches in diameter and ten feet long. A slender bar of iron, sharpened like a chisel or screw-driver, is set into one end, and projects forward six inches; and a pair of "jaws," each fifteen inches long and three inches across the blade, whittled out of tough rock-maple, are lashed with stout twine upon each side of the iron point. They spread seven inches apart. These jaws are shaped upon the inner side in such a way that when a salmon is struck they open and slip around the body of the fish, preventing its escape. Next a stick, five feet long, is cut, and the larger end split down several inches. This is set upright in the bow of the canoe, in a hole made for that purpose. Into the split end, which is uppermost, a bundle of birch-bark is thrust, firmly held by the middle. Half a dozen more bundles are laid in the canoe amidsthips. Frequently a canoe built of birch-bark is used,

but this one is the kind known as a *piroque*. It is twenty-four feet long, two feet wide, very shallow, with upturned bow and stern, and is carved from a light pine log. It is painted black, which suits its nightly work.

All being ready, the old man steps aboard with the spear, and takes his place in the bow. The torch in front is lighted, and with a crackle like the frying of grease the flame leaps upward, and with its yellow glare lights up the bushes, the nearer tree-trunks, and the surface of the water. Quickly stepping in also, the stern-man, with a long pole in lieu of paddle, gives a push or two, and the canoe glides out on the surface of the pool. But it is too quickly done, for the pool, shallow there, is lighted to the very bottom as with the light of day, and several huge black objects move away into the deep and somber places. With a splash the spear is quickly thrust down into the water after a departing shadow, but it is too late. Then the canoe is cautiously driven toward the deeper place at the head of the pool, and as it nears the other end, one, two, six, ten, twenty great shadowy forms dart, one after the other, toward the foot of the pool, past them.

The torch has now burned down. Detached portions of the bark drop into the water and float off, still burning, while those that fall into the canoe are trampled out. A new bundle is put in and set aflame. The canoe is turned about, and slowly moves back. Down goes the spear, not with a splash, but with a steady thrust. It strikes the bottom, but the fish is already several feet away, and it is drawn back empty. Several times this happens. Has the old man lost his former skill? Soon he suspects that the new pole, like a bright streak moving toward them, frightens them.

A new supply of bark is needed, so they return to the camp. The spear is held over the fire until it is blackened from end to end and is no longer conspicuous. So confident is the old hunter of getting a fish, that he makes ready to eat him at once. He pokes up the fire, throws on some fresh wood, and sets a kettle of water to boil. He peels some potatoes, which he has brought along (perhaps for the very purpose), and puts them into the water.

Meanwhile the salmon have recovered, doubt-

less, from their first scare. So, with a fresh supply of torches, they start again,—this time with more deliberation, for the long black *pirogue* has not entered the length of itself upon the pool, before down goes the spear. Hand over hand it is pushed and, it seems, will never stop. It reaches the sandy bottom and sticks there. It sways as if something is tugging at the end of it. Then, as he would lift a load of hay on a pitchfork, the old man gradually raises the end of the spear. Out comes a black nose, then there is a flapping and splashing of fins and powerful tail, and the first salmon is caught. Quickly the old man draws the fish to the side of the canoe, lifts it on board, caught and held firmly by the stout jaws. It is released, and lies upon the bottom of the canoe—only a four-pounder. Only a four-pounder, the smallest one of the whole crowd, when plenty of them looked as big as stove-pipes! And there was one, much bigger than any of the rest, which looked fully four feet long. Sometimes, when those big fellows do get caught, the spearman lets go entirely, and when the fish is exhausted with the violence of its efforts, it may be easily drawn in. It would be hard to say which is more excited over the capture—the stranger, who never saw such a thing done before, or the old man, to whom all the enthusiasm of his younger days seems to have returned.

The potatoes can almost be smelled at this distance. So the salmon is opened down the back, and in a little while it, or the greater portion thereof, is in the kettle with the savory potatoes, which are nearly done, but need more cooking than a fish.

It is approaching midnight, a slight fog lies upon the water, and the night air is unpleasantly cool, chilling the bare hands of the two fishermen. So they linger there in the bright light of the fire, and notwithstanding the excitement of the first catch, are loath to leave it. But the younger man must try his luck, and besides there must be at least one salmon to

take away with them. So, next time, the two exchange places. The younger one imitates the older. He stands in front, and gazes intently downward, with uplifted pole. One after the other the great fish dart ahead, shoot past, or rush directly into the friendly shadow of the canoe underneath. Now here, now there, goes the pole. It fails to reach bottom, and, deceived by the great clearness of the water which brings the bottom so near, the novice nearly falls overboard. Now the spear-points strike the sand, but not within three feet of even a salmon's shadow. It is like wing-shooting, and requires as much skill.

Then the old man takes the spear. By this time half the fish have left, for the splashing of their tails in the rapids above is frequently heard. Several times he misses, but presently the pole goes down its whole length. It bends and sways for a moment, but by a turn of the wrist the fish is pointed upward, and works its own way to the top. Then the water is lashed into foam again by the powerful fish, and it threatens to break away; but it is not until it lies in the canoe that its size can be determined. It is another of the smaller ones, and although a ten-pound fish, is not the big one we hoped it to be.

Next turn, however (for they wish to make another trial before leaving), as the canoe is moving with a scarcely perceptible motion toward the foot of the pool, the old man partly bends over, the better to see and to escape the glare of the torch, peers into the depths below, now to his left, now to his right, not noticing the sluggish suckers that also were moving about on the bottom. Suddenly a great shadow leaps from out of the darkness ahead and shoots straight for the shade of the canoe. Quick as a flash the spear goes out to meet it. The canoe reels with the violence of the movement. The torch, now burned in two, falls with a blaze into the water, blinding the eyes. The spear falls short a foot, and the big fish is safe!

A MAY MORNING IN VENICE.

BY HELEN GRAY CONE.



Oh, for Venice, and opal days
Made of the May-time's rosy haze
And the sheen of the pale-green waterways!

Swerving gondola, swiftly glide!
Bear us back to the garden-side,
Where the dappled canal is cool and wide.

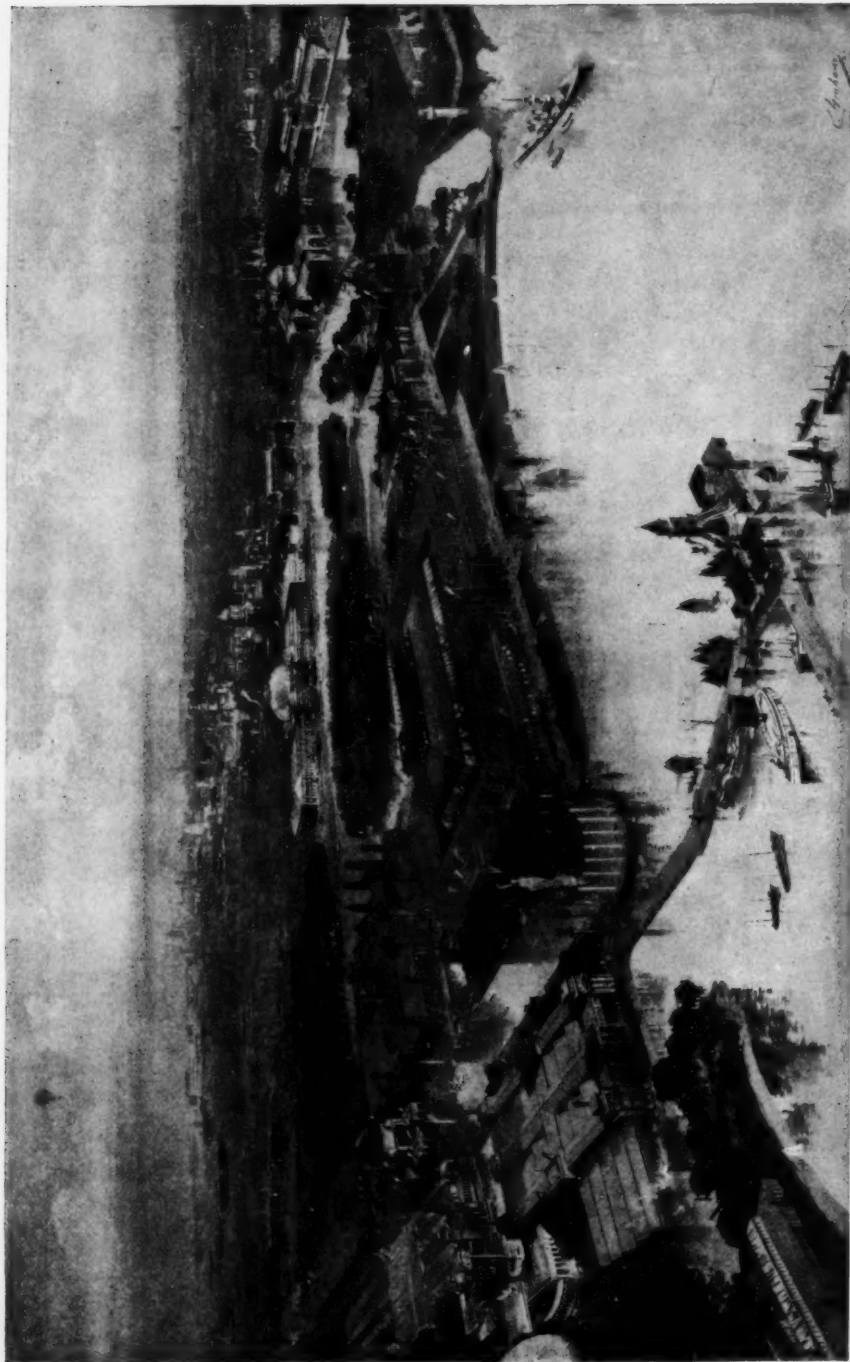
Rich reflections that flow and fleet,
Spread with colors the liquid street
For the tread of the spring wind's viewless feet.

Lo, the garden is flushed anew;
Faintly smiling, the sky looks through
Light young leaves, that laugh to the blue.

Chasing shadows and sunbeams gay
Touch the Cupids of marble gray;
They are old, and cold, and will not play.

Better a wingless boy to be,
Brown and ruddy and full of glee,
Taking his share of the sun and sea!

Oh, for Venice, when comes the spring
Gem-like days on the deep to fling,
That gleam and are gone, like the Doge's ring!



FROM THE PAINTING BY CHARLES GRAHAM.

Livestock Exhibit Building, Railway Approach.

Assembly Hall and Annex to Agricultural Building, Franklin.

For Livestock Exhibit, Agricultural Building, 12 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS, ACCORDING TO THE OFFICIAL MAP PUBLISHED IN 1893.

Transportation Exhibit, 18 5/8 Acres.

United States Government Building, 4 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

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Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

Women's Building, 8 Acres.

United States Government Building, 4 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

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Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

BY PERMISSION OF JOHN A. LOVELL & CO., BOSTON.

5 Acres, 1 linear mile of hanging space.

United States Government Building, 4 Acres.

Electricity Building, 12 Acres.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR PALACES.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

IF there is one date fixed in the minds of young America, it is that of a voyage accomplished by an Italian navigator some four hundred years ago. It may therefore be taken for granted that any child who can add four hundred to 1492 understands why, as 1892 approached, America decided to give a great party and to invite all the world with his wife and children.

She gave a party seventeen years ago; but most of the present readers of ST. NICHOLAS were unavoidably absent. This one they can understand; and as chief custodians of the date it celebrates, they have a keen interest in seeing what preparations their fathers and mothers are making to entertain their millions of guests.

They will be glad to know that there is no intention of falling behind the rest of the world. There have been other affairs of the sort. The first to which all nations were truly welcome was, at the suggestion of Albert the Prince Consort, carried out by England. As one of that nation's clever sons had lately been constructing an enormous hothouse for the flowers of a noble duke, he built for this occasion a great Crystal Palace, one third of a mile long and four hundred feet wide. Queen Victoria and twenty-five thousand other people met here on the first day, and some five million natives and foreigners called in during the next five months to see the Koh-i-noor diamond and whatever else British soldiers had acquired or British workmen had made. A million dollars over expenses, and the more valuable lessons learned by English manufacturers, made this first exhibition a most profitable one. It taught that things might be made beautiful as well as strong and serviceable.

Several imitations soon followed, one a New York Crystal Palace in what is now Bryant Park. But the imitations had little success,

and the New York glass house was burned down. Paris in 1798 had begun national exhibitions under Napoleon's direction, but their object was to injure English trade; a gold medal was offered for that purpose, and foreign products were shut out. In 1855, Paris followed London's more hospitable example, and added besides a collection of the works of living artists—the English exhibition being one of inventions and manufactures. London opened another show in 1862, also with an art exhibition; but the death of Prince Albert and the war in our own country were serious drawbacks to its success.

There have been four other notable exhibitions. Paris in 1867 added to former features models of mankind's dwellings, from tents to palaces; Vienna in 1873 made a great national museum out of her Exposition buildings; America, for her centennial, put up two hundred great halls, and especially excelled in showing agricultural products; and Paris held her centennial in 1889, climbing a thousand feet into the air in celebration of her republics.

The greatest of these former shows filled about seventy acres of ground and cost ten millions. The Chicago Fair will require more than a hundred and fifty acres for its buildings alone, and will certainly cost twenty-two millions—figures quite large enough to fill young Americans with satisfaction, when they take out their slates and compute that Paris in 1889, Philadelphia in 1876, and Vienna in 1873 would not, combined, equal the Columbian fair in area.

Four cities competed for the place of host to the world, and Chicago was chosen by Congress. And that young city will be its own proudest exhibit. So long as America was colonized territory, it could have little to show in glory of its discoverer. But when, in 1876, our young nation cut her leading-strings, crying to

the world, "See! I can walk alone!" the glory of Columbus was begun. The history of Chicago covers hardly more than the period of our existence as a nation.

Some humorist said, "the first white man to settle on the site of Chicago was a black man." His most ingenious paradox refers to an escaped slave from San Domingo who traded there with the Indians in 1779; and Cornwallis did not surrender until 1781—and he would n't have yielded then if Washington had not insisted upon it. In 1803, on the Fourth of July, a United States sloop came to establish Fort Dearborn on the Chicago River. The Indians did not like this, as we learn from the "American Gazetteer" for 1804, under the entry: "[see Chiago river, Appendix]." The appendix tells how the government of the United States, "having lately determined to erect a fort at Chiago," the officer in spite of Indian threats declared that he was sent to build a fort, and would "proceed on with the design."

In 1812, the Indians killed most of the garrison while they were trying to escape to Fort Wayne, but a survivor, John Kinzie, afterward returned and became the first real settler. The fort being rebuilt in 1816, a village was begun near its walls, but the city was not incorporated until 1837—the very year Queen Victoria came to the throne.

Now, fifty-six years later, Chicago has 1,400,000 inhabitants, and invites the nations to ride to the top of buildings twenty stories high that they may get an idea of the second great city of the Western world.

What can the great Fair show that is a better proof of American pluck, capacity, and achievement? Nor need we mention the great fire at all, so entirely have its ravages been healed.

There is a well-known story of a Westerner who claimed that his lot was "in the center of the town, which was in the center of the county, that was the central county of the State in the center of the country in the center of the world!" and, when asked to prove it, replied, with an eloquent sweep of the arm, "See how nicely the sky fits down all round!" A claim more modest and better founded may be made that Chicago is the center of North

American population—certainly it is the focus of routes of travel; and this situation is a strong reason why it should direct the great Fair.

On the anniversary of the discovery, the exhibition was formally dedicated in the largest building; and more than a hundred thousand people felt lonely in the forty-four acres of floor space. But, in accordance with the act of Congress, the actual opening will take place on the first of May, 1893—an excellent day to be called early if you are to be present. The President of the United States, perhaps with the electric assistance by cable of King Alfonso, Spain's boy-king, will set the great engines in motion by the touching of a knob.

And what will be seen by the lucky—or deserv-ing—boys and girls among the millions upon the grounds? One might reply that Aladdin's lamp could be left at the door as a useless bit of baggage. So much will press upon the attention that the lamp would be un-rubbed and forgotten. But at least it will be well to have a general idea of where things are grouped. Look at the general plan. (See p. 518.)

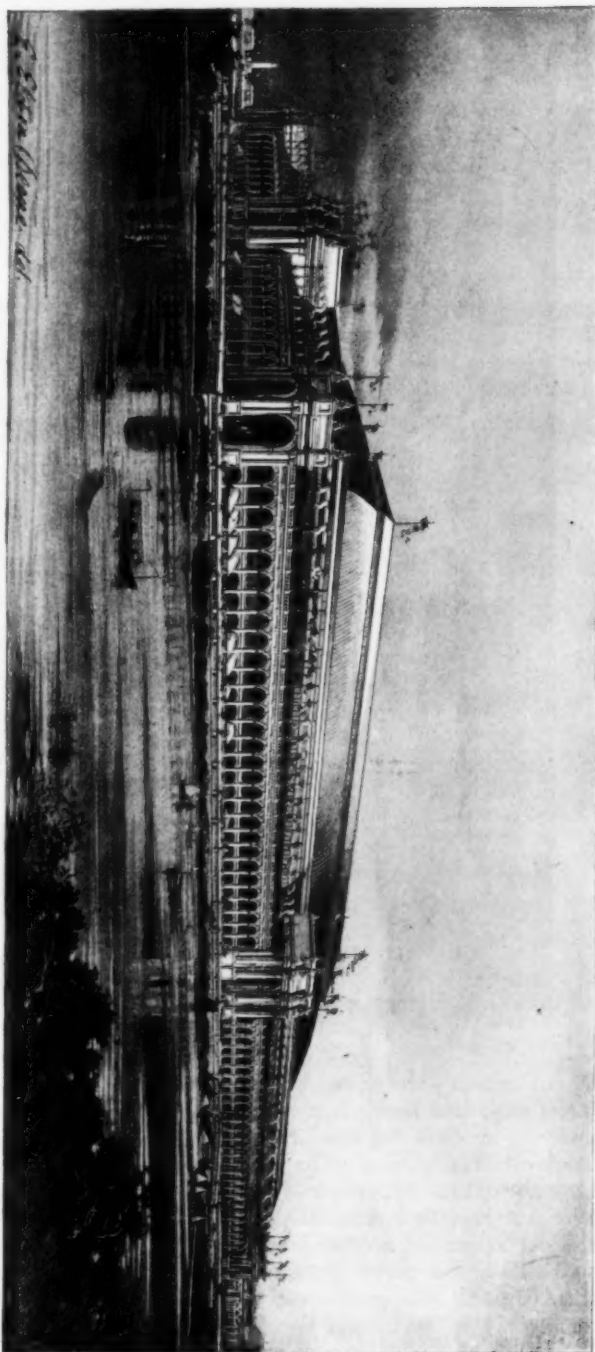
It shows a great city upon the shores of Lake Michigan, and surrounding an artificial waterway called the Lagoon, in which are two islands. About the Lagoon are the larger buildings, and (as Mrs. Richards forcibly said in a recent St. NICHOLAS poem) "Some of them are whackers, oh!" A canal leads southward past a great basin. These bodies of water convert the Fair grounds into a Venice of palaces—a resemblance that is increased by the marble-like material of the buildings. This material, called "staff," is lighter than wood, may be colored and molded at pleasure, and is fire-proof. It is a composition of plaster, cement, and a fiber, and will last for years if painted.

North of the main buildings is a park where the buildings of the States and of foreign nations are grouped about the superb art-galleries. Southward are the warehouses and live-stock sheds. Along the shore of Lake Michigan are docks, harbors, the naval exhibit, the model of the convent of La Rábida, a life-saving exhibition, and other amphibious creatures that should be near the water.

Keeping this general plan in mind, the whereabouts of the great buildings will be clearly understood, especially if one refers to the map when puzzled. How the grounds will look to visitors who come from the southwest in a flying-machine may be seen from the same picture. Little boys in such an aerial vessel will first ask, "What is that big building in the middle?" Then their guide will draw a long breath and answer that it is the building of Manufactures and Liberal Arts, the largest building that ever was in all the world. If they say, "How big is it?" he will tell them that it is four times as large as the Coliseum, where the Dying Gladiator lay. It is longer than the span of the Brooklyn Bridge from tower to tower, covers five times the space of City Hall Park in New York, and five eighths that of the Boston Common. It would furnish room for twenty regulation foot-ball fields, and would hold all the people that could be accommodated in the Roman Coliseum, St. Peter's, Milan Cathedral, St. Paul's of Rome, St. Paul's of London, Notre Dame of Paris, and yet admit thirty or forty thousand stragglers. Twenty-eight such buildings would cover Central Park. On the other hand, 270,000,000 of these massive buildings could be placed end to end between the earth and the sun, and would fall a long way short; so there is no danger of crowding the universe.

But it is not an ugly giant,

GENERAL VIEW OF BUILDING FOR MANUFACTURES AND THE LIBERAL ARTS.





THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.

as can be seen when viewed critically. What a roof to fly kites from! It is an unsupported arch two hundred feet from the floor. The Bunker Hill monument, placed inside, would project only a few feet above the roof—hardly enough to look like a respectable chimney. At the four corners and middle of each wall graceful pavilions or doorways give variety and impressiveness to the great expanse, which is further relieved by banners along the roofs.

This building offers a standard by which to measure its neighbors; yet it does not dwarf the rest, some of which claim distinction for qualities other than mere size. The Parthenon is smaller than the Great Pyramid, but there is no doubt which is the finer structure.

The Agricultural and the Machinery buildings, the next in size, stand side by side southward across the Basin from their big brother. The first is richly adorned with sculptures relat-

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ing to agriculture; the second is ranked by many architects next in magnificence of appearance to the Administration Building—the latter being considered the best piece of architectural design in the whole Fair. The twin brethren of Agriculture and Machinery are connected like the Siamese brothers, by an immense roofed gallery facing an extension of the canal, and connected with each is an annex to hold whatever may be crowded out.

The railroads will bring their millions to a station westward of the Administration Building, and most visitors will first pass through this superb gateway to the grounds. Because it opens upon four great avenues, it is in the form of a cross—a domed center supported upon four square halls. As the headquarters of the officials of the Fair, it is as rich in de-

fect harmony with the nearer buildings, and sculptured groups set upon prominent points give elegance and distinction to this isolated structure.

Passing beneath these domes, we come upon the Court and Basin; and in the latter are seen two features of the Fair. At its outer end, standing one hundred feet from the water surface, is a colossal and majestic statue of "The Republic"; and, facing it, an antique galley of bronze, sixty feet in length, is propelled by figures representing the arts and sciences, while far aloft Columbia is proudly enthroned. Father Time is at the tiller, and makes gallant efforts to steer with his scythe, after which one would not be surprised to see him take observations through his hour-glass.

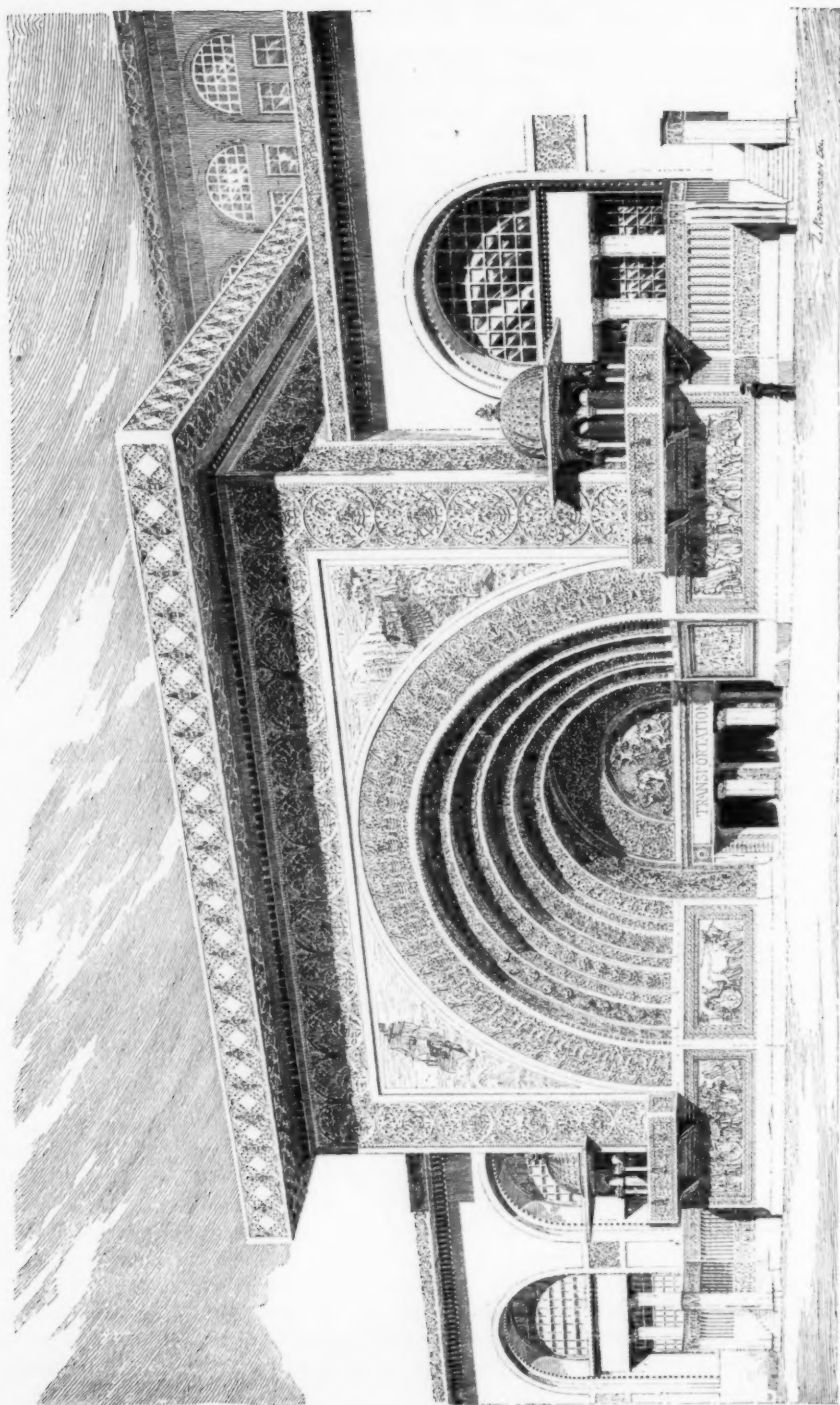
To Transportation, Mining, and Electricity



GREAT CENTRAL PORCH OF AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

sign and in sculptured ornament as good taste permits. Its gilded dome, high above all surroundings, will be the conspicuous center of the whole. This dome is double, and the *interior*, lower, dome is higher than that of the Capitol at Washington. The corner halls are in per-

are dedicated three great buildings between the Administration Hall and the Lagoon. Of the first, the most striking feature is the "Golden Doorway," facing the Lagoon—a set of Moorish arches displaying \$60,000 worth of gold-leaf, marked with arabesques, and decorated



THE GOLDEN DOORWAY, TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

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by panels of carvings and paintings. These show the progress from the ancient ox-cart and war-chariot to the modern ocean steamer and express train. A Moorish cupola, and arched windows, give unity to the whole building. From the cupola, reached by eight elevators, is an impressive view of the court. Within the main Transportation Building will be whole battalions of locomotives, and everything that goes, from go-cart to electric motors.

The home of Mines and Mining is a simply designed, impressive hall for the reception of ores and mining-tools, machinery and appliances. Part of the building material shows polished marbles that are themselves an exhibit.

This heavy, solid, and massive building is in fitting contrast to the neighboring dwelling of Electricity. The latter, of more elegant design, is light, graceful, and varied in outline. The doorways are more imposing, and statues lend their poetic power to do honor to the favorite child of our own time—a youngster from whose healthy precocity we may expect wonders. While the blaze of arc and incandescent lights will banish night from all the Park, here especially will the new light spring from pole to pole, and be shown in hitherto unknown

magnificence and profusion—glittering from roofs, towers, and windows, and from fifty-four lofty masts that will bear banners by day. The Electricity Building will be rich in colored ornament grouped within its porticos and especially in the great recessed doorway.

A statue of Franklin, of heroic size, occupies the place of honor beneath the dome of the

porch. He is shown grasping the key that unlocked the thunder-clouds, and the kite-line, along which came the first electric message. Morse and Vail have statues set in places only less conspicuous.

Directly facing the length of the Lagoon is that unequalled conservatory known as Horticultural Hall, and between its front and the shore



PORCH OF ELECTRICITY BUILDING.

will be the floral display. From these flowerbeds we will pause and cull a few blossoms. A million or so of tulips and pansies, and fifty thousand rose-bushes, will furnish variety enough for the most fastidious, and these will be replaced by other delicacies in their season until a grand explosion of chrysanthemums foretells the autumn closing.

The hall itself is, for the most part, a low conservatory-like building, but it gains dignity from higher structures at each end, and especially from an enormous glass or "crystal" dome, high enough to roof the tallest palms and bamboos. In this department will be shown everything relating to growing plants and their culture; and upon the island in front the Japanese will construct one of their beautiful temples and artificial gardens, designed not only as an exhibit, but as a permanent gift to the city of Chicago.

Here, too, will there be rooms set apart for

Whatever is distinctly feminine—reform work, charity organization, a model kitchen, a kindergarten and hospital—here finds fitting place. Reading-rooms, a library of the works of women writers, and specimens of woman's handiwork will be found here, while shady galleries offer to women visitors grateful protection from the sunshine of an inland summer. Mrs. Shaw, the celebrated whistler, is not promised as an attraction; though many little girls who are tired of hearing a certain poor rhyme about "crowing hens" might favor her appearing.

The Fisheries Building is of a peculiar shape.



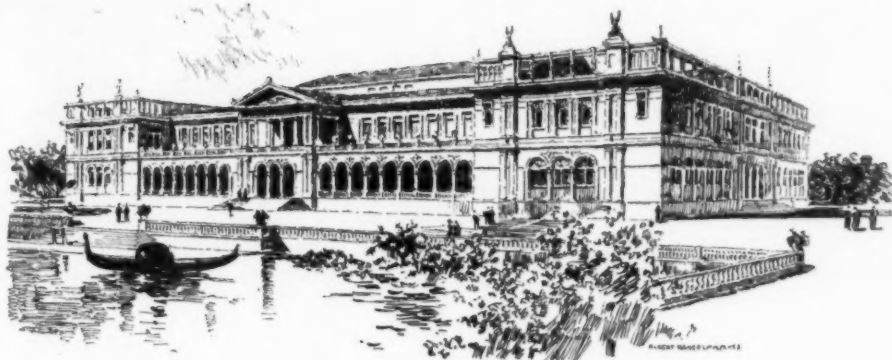
GENERAL VIEW OF FISHERIES PAVILION.

cafés and restaurants; and the visitor, wearied by attempting impossible feats of sight-seeing, may welcome the opportunity to rest and be refreshed in this domain of orchids, trees, and flowers. The island, with its border of aquatic plants and its shady woodland, will bring to the tired eyes the restful beauties of natural scenery. The quick gliding of gondolas and electric launches will be a relief after the bustling crowds. It is hard to overpraise the wisdom that remembered Nature is still dominant upon our great continent, and preserved within the endless variety of the Fair a space where trees and sky and lake remind of the outside world.

The Women's Pavilion, designed by a woman architect, is decorated by a woman sculptor.

Oblong in the middle, at each end it throws out a gallery leading to a polygonal structure. In one of these are the aquaria, and visitors may here gaze from a darker room into well-lighted tanks, wherein are all the forms of salt-water animals exhibited as if to a deep-sea diver. The other wing shows whatever will illustrate the art of the angler or work of the fisher folk. In the larger building are the more capacious tanks, and a central basin and rockwork fountain will contain fresh-water fish. Should the sea-serpent visit the Fair, room will be found for him in this middle section.

In decorating these exhibition halls the architects have artistically adopted the forms of marine life, and one's attention will no doubt be



WOMEN'S BUILDING.

divided between the curious moldings and the living models that are eating one another in the tanks, quite as if they were at home.

Small boys who mean to run away to sea would do well to pass some time here in preliminary studies. Possibly a view of the sharks may induce them to delay their departure.

Those who prefer to be backwoodsmen will do better to go at once (by the circular railway that will run around the grounds) to the great Forestry Building. Here they may see all the kinds of trees there are, in pillars made of natural tree-trunks that surround the entire outside verandah. Four enormous sawmills will sing their soothing melodies under a roof thatched with natural barks and fibers.

A less interesting exterior—the United States Government Building—will shelter much that boys will find as interesting as anything in the whole garden of enchantment. Here are coins, a life-saving station, the origi-

nal draft of the Declaration of Independence that caused the whole trouble, the Constitution, the Liberty Bell, and—well, everything. The Coast Survey will offer to the geography enthusiasts a little map of the United States, built in plaster, and four hundred feet square,—about as large as a city block,—all molded to scale, and showing even the hill back of the old red schoolhouse, and the place where you caught the big sunfish. The War Department, or some other, will fire off cannon of all sizes, and a hospital near by will show what it means to be wounded on the field of glory.

Out in the lake in front of the building the Navy Department has built something that would be a perfect modern battle-ship except that it must remain at home to receive callers. Real, live boys who once cross to this man-of-war will have to be removed at nightfall by the marines. By the way, if there is anything omitted in the outfit of the



FINE ARTS BUILDING.

craft, you may tell these same gentlemen all about it.

We cannot even barely mention a ten-thousandth of the features each of which some boy or girl will pick out as "the best thing of all." We must at least say a few words of the Palace of Fine Arts, give a hasty list of some of the Yankee notions, and then leave you to buy large savings-banks, pick huckleberries, run errands, chop kindlings, and so on, in order to fill it with gold and silver pennies by May 1.

The Art Galleries fill a superb building that is unmistakably classic in architecture. Surmounted by a grand dome supporting a winged statue, the front sends out a beautiful pillared portico, which is repeated by smaller doorways of similar design. Around the whole run great galleries, forty feet wide, presenting surfaces for molding, sculpture, and mural paintings. Leading up from the Lagoon are steps and terraces, upon which a number of square pedestals support groups of sculpture.

Standing apart from the other large buildings, the Palace of Fine Arts need not harmonize with them. It is of impressive simplicity in its lines, and attains grandeur by a few commanding features. Two wings of not dissimilar effect emphasize the beauty of the main portion.

In the opinion of many, this building should be made a permanent memorial of the Fair. It is the least dependent upon others of all that have been grouped within the park. Within are galleries admirably adapted for the safe preservation and convenient exhibition of memorials of the great Fair. Architects agree that but little labor and expense would be necessary to convert the whole into a fire-proof, durable, and beautiful monument to the great Columbian Exposition.

A *Century* editorial says of this exhibition: "Those who have time to see only its general aspect will have seen the very best of it." A government report is quoted as saying: "This exposition stands alone. There is nothing like it in all history." And to the boys and girls of America we can say that to see the Fair intelligently, and with time properly apportioned, will be an education more liberal than can be acquired in any college in the land.

Now, as a light dessert, let us run over just a few of the "side shows," outside of the classified exhibits.

Here will be found ancient and modern villages imitated; a captive balloon; settlements of foreign nations; a wheel 250 feet in diameter for whirling people up into the air on revolving chairs; a great tower ascended by an electric spiral railway; a panorama of the Alps; an immense swimming-building, with tank; a great company of trained animals; an artificial-ice toboggan slide; Japanese bazars; Bohemian glass-blowers; an African savage settlement; a great glass-factory in operation; a Moorish palace; a volcano panorama; a 100-miles-an-hour railway, where the cars are driven by jets of water and slide on films of water; gondolas and electric launches plying upon all the waterways; an Eskimo village; a steam-engine, in the power-house, twice as large as the celebrated Corliss engine, but using oil for fuel; all the State buildings; a hunter's camp; a complete Indian village; a dairy; the largest cannon that the Krupp Works have ever built; a moving sidewalk, part moving slowly enough to step upon, and part carrying the passengers quickly along. Most of these amusing sights are in a strip of eighty acres called the "Midway Plaisance." And the Children's Building? Certainly, you shall hear about that—but at another time.

One great difficulty will be the impossibility of seeing more than one drop out of the ocean offered. Remember, if you go, that you will have to select the few things that you wish most to see. Then go resolutely and see them. Never mind the gilt gingerbread: find out the very jewels that you wish to make your own. If you love art, see the pictures and statuary. If you love machinery, go see the wheels go round.

It will be a good lesson to draw from the Fair that all its magnificence is the result of an idea—the idea that the world was round; and that the man in whose honor the people are there gathered was for years believed to be a visionary and a crank.

Which brings us back to the homely wisdom of Davy Crockett: "Be sure you're right; then go ahead."



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

MAY-TIME IN THE COUNTRY.

THE WHITE CAVE.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XI.

A GREAT WRESTLING-MATCH.

THE six land-pirates had not failed to bring hooks and lines with them into the woods. Rods were easily cut among the bushes, and grubs served for bait. There is sometimes good fun in fishing, but these fishermen found no fun in their fishing. They had changed their camp from the old place by the stump, and no blackfellows had tried to hinder them. Now, however, the fish did not bite well; for it was the wrong time of day, and prospect of food was poor. Besides, every fisherman felt like now and then turning his head, as if to see whether anybody were coming. It was not long before one of them laid down his rod and line, and arose, picking up his rifle.

"Boys," he said, "I don't lay claim to being a fisherman. There 'd better be one man on guard. I'll patrol."

"Boys," added another, "he 's right. These are only small fish. You four go on a-fishin'. There ought to be two men on guard. It 's a dangerous neighborhood."

He would have thought so, indeed, if he could have seen a small, black, very bushy head which was just then pushing through some underbrush to look at him and his comrades. Once more the black boy had discovered something new.

His elders had been after Ka-kak-kia and his party, while he had been discovering the baronet, the ladies, and a whole excursion party, and now he had found a fishing-party. He even wasted much time in staring at it, so that his lame father ere long had almost caught up with him. He saw a few small fish caught. He saw the two patrols walk up and down, each carrying a rifle over his shoulder in a half-military way. He was watching one of them when

a sort of shadow flitted by him. It went past, and it went up, in a whizzing whirl, and then it came pouncing down. He heard a peculiar low cry behind him, and he instantly began to creep away.

As for the patrol, a boomerang had struck him, and he fell to the earth, while his rifle went off with a loud report.

The other patrol turned and fired wildly into the bushes, shouting:

"Blackfellows!"

"Bill 's killed!" exclaimed Jim.

"No, I 'm not," growled the fallen man, as he sat up and rubbed his shoulder; "but the lock of my rifle 's broken. That thing hits hard."

The boomerang itself lay upon the ground, broken in two. But that the rifle served as a shield, the man Bill would have been severely injured; and the whole party had received a dreadful warning.

"Boys," said Jim, "there 's bad luck for us in these 'ere woods. Who 'd have looked for blackfellows round here? We must get the nuggets, and then we must clear out of this, or we 'll all be speared."

No more boomerangs were thrown. The men were well acquainted with the wild men of those woods. They knew that a single boomerang, hurled in silence, with nothing following it, stood for the presence of one lurking blackfellow, who might have gone off after others, or who might not be heard of again. They had been through somewhat similar experiences before, and they had risked such things when they set out in chase of the man Beard. It was plain that they had lived lives of recklessness.

As for the black boy and his lame father, they were now creeping through the woods together, as if it took two to carry so much news and tidings so important.

Helen Gordon stood upon the bank of the river, and wondered whether to go up or down.

"Seems to me I must be below Uncle Fred's camp," she said to herself; "and it's dreadfully rocky the other way. I'd have to go out into the woods and go around, and I might miss finding the river again. How tired and hungry I am! Nap is tired, too. What shall I do?"

The words were hardly out of her lips before there came a kind of answer. She had never before heard such music!

Yip! Yip! Yip! came the clear, glad, joyous melody of one voice.

Yelp! Yelp! Yelp! was the reply of two other deeper voices. All three of them in chorus had but one interpretation:

"There she is! There's Helen!"

In another moment the dogs were fawning about her, and she was trying to pet them all at once, calling them all the good names she could think of.

Then they went to the water's edge, lapped freely, and came back to lie down and pant; for they had been running long and hard, and were tired.

"I'm so glad!" exclaimed Helen. "Now I know I can find my way back to the camp. I'm afraid Aunt Maude and Uncle Fred will be worried about me." She never suspected that they, too, were lost.

It was just as well that the bushy cover where Aunt Maude was at that moment crouching had but one horse and one woman to hide. Two horses might have neighed to each other, or two women might have uttered exclamations. As it was, Lady Parry watched in silence a very lame blackfellow and a very active, urgent black boy who was hurrying him forward. The man carried a shield, boomerangs, and sticks, but the boy had only one poor, crooked stick, of no account.

She trembled, but even her horse nipped the grass in silence, and the black news-carriers were too much absorbed in their errand to notice her.

"They're gone!" she murmured at last "But what am I to do? And where is my son?"

She rose and stood erect in a slight opening between two luxuriant bushes. She had deemed

herself safe, for the lame blackfellow and his son had been gone for several minutes. Her intense feeling had obtained the mastery and she had spoken aloud, and as she rose she saw before her, not fifty yards away, one of the most awful figures that could be imagined. Tall, black, ferocious, terrific without any addition to his natural features, but now hideous with all the white skeleton-marks of his corroboree paint, a black warrior stood in an open space, balancing a long spear with his throw-stick, preparing for a deadly cast.

How that slender, serpent-like spear quivered as the savage poised it and shouted his exultant war-cry! How the harsh, discordant sound did grate and thrill upon her ears. But it was instantly followed by the most welcome sound in all the world.

"Mother!" was the call she heard from the thicket near by, and then came the double report of a gun, one barrel following the other quickly.

The spear dropped, and a long, dark form lay prone upon the grass; but neither Lady Maude nor Hugh saw it fall, or, for one long moment, thought of it.

"Mother!"

"Hugh!"

"Hide, Mother! Hide! Quick! There are more of them!"

"I know there are, Hugh! I've seen some of them. Get down!"

Down they crept behind the bushes, and rapid whispers, back and forth, told all the story that each had to tell.

Lady Maude had found Hugh, and it seemed to her that her troubles were nearly over. Hugh had found his mother, and it did not at once occur to him to doubt his ability to conduct her directly to his father's camp. The meeting was so unexpected that for some minutes neither thought of the black corroboree dancer.

"He's gone, Hugh," said his mother; "but I'm afraid there are others."

"I don't know, Mother," said Hugh. "I had to shoot quickly, or that savage would have killed you. I must put in fresh cartridges."

Lady Maude had little idea of the situation except that she felt safer. As for the cave and

the other strange things Hugh had described, he might almost as well have repeated a page out of "Robinson Crusoe." It all sounded like so much fiction.

The report of a gun can be heard only a short distance through dense foliage. If those woods had been bare and desolate, as in wintry July weather, the report of Hugh's gun might have been heard by other ears; but as it was, it gave no warning.

The six land-pirates had fried and eaten some small fish. They believed themselves in dan-

"They 'll have a good time doing it now," he said, as he crept away. "Take it all in all, this is getting to be about the most tangled-up situation I ever saw. I wish the black and white savages would eat each other up, like the Kilkenny cats. My life is n't worth much, but I must see that those boys don't get hurt. No matter what becomes of me, I must save the others!"

He was on his feet now, and was walking rapidly homeward.

"Who 's that?"

He stood still as he uttered this exclamation,



" THEN CAME THE REPORT OF A GUN."

ger only from blackfellows, but they were not entirely correct. When the wounded blackfellow's boomerang fell upon Bill's rifle-lock and knocked him down, there was a low exclamation from a man concealed in a tuft of weeds on the crest of a ledge below the camp.

"Ugh!" he said. "That was well thrown. I hope it spoiled his rifle. They 'll have trouble enough now. I can go back to the cave and look after those boys."

He must have been listening and getting information, for he seemed to know that his enemies had lost their provisions, but were still determined to follow and plunder him.

but he did not raise his rifle. He was looking forward, and he seemed under sudden and great excitement.

Right before him, at a little distance, under a tree stood a very fine horse, cropping the grass. Against the shoulder and saddle of that horse leaned a large, well-dressed man with his head bowed upon his folded arms.

"Look out!" shouted Beard, and he sprang forward.

There had been another man very near. He had a club in one hand, and he was stepping lightly, stealthily forward. He was bony, muscular, and as black as ink. His face gleamed

with savage triumph until he heard the fierce, angry shout with which Beard bounded upon him.

"Ka-kak-kia!" yelled the savage in defiance, and Beard himself just then shouted the same name. But it was too much for savage temper to be interrupted in that way, and Ka-kak-kia struck at Beard with the waddy he had been about to throw at the man by the horse.

The blow was parried skilfully, but it was not returned; and Beard let fall the rifle he had parried with, and gripped Ka-kak-kia by the arms. The man by the horse had raised his head, as if he were waking from a dream. Now he had turned and was staring at them as if stunned.

Ka-kak-kia hardly ceased for an instant to pour forth angry words, and he was answered as angrily by the cave-man. Meanwhile there was a wrestling-match of a very desperate sort, and an ordinary white man might have had the worst of it.

"What am I about?" suddenly exclaimed the man by the horse. "Don't give in! I'll knock down that blackfellow!"

"No, Sir Frederick," gasped Beard. "Don't strike him. He's a friend—of mine. I must throw him—without help—or he'd lose his respect for me!"

"Humph!" exclaimed Sir Frederick. "But what if he throws *you*?"

"He can't," said Beard. "But—if he does—you must disable him at once! There,—he's yielding,—there!"

It was a terrible grapple, but Ka-kak-kia had met his master.

Strain, tug, struggle as he would, the steady, resistless strength of Beard bent him over, threw him upon the grass, and then held him quiet and harmless, while he glared furiously at the victor.

"I must hold him until he gives up, Sir Frederick. Hand me that waddy."

The baronet obeyed as if he had been commanded by a superior officer; but he could only guess at the meaning of the native words which followed between Beard and the savage.

"He has promised to be quiet," said Beard at last, releasing him.

Ka-kak-kia arose somewhat sullenly.

"I told him," continued Beard, "that the woods were full of his tribe's enemies, that he and his people might all be speared, and that they were foolish to try to fight white fellows at the same time."

"Will he keep his promise?" asked Sir Frederick. "Is there any good in him?"

"Not a particle," said Beard. "He has a queer idea that he can't kill me, that's all. You know very well that they never keep a promise. Just now he is cowed, and he will be quiet for fear of your rifle and mine."

"Will you let him go?" asked Sir Frederick, doubtfully. "Is it safe?"

"Of course it is n't safe," replied Beard; "but, then, what is a fellow to do? They are men, after all, and I don't like the idea of needlessly killing them."

The baronet expressed his agreement with this sentiment, and then asked, "But who are you?"

"You may call me Beard. How did you happen to be away off here, alone?" said the cave-man, adding, as he turned to the savage: "Ka-kak-kia, go!" He added some words in the native tongue, and the wild man took his waddy and sprang away.

The answer made by Sir Frederick was given steadily, but in a voice full of suppressed pain. He told about his camp, and his missing party, and the lost boys, the cause of his losing himself that day. Beard listened, now and then nodding his head, and at last remarked:

"You are not lost, Sir Frederick. I could guide you to your camp by a bee-line if it were safe. But we must get there as cautiously as we can manage it. Ned and Hugh are all right. They are at my house."

"Good!" said the excited baronet. "My son and his friend at your house? Now, if I knew where to find my wife and niece!"

"We shall find them," said Beard. "The worst of it is that there are two parties of black-fellows prowling around, and one lot of out-and-out bushrangers. We must move at once, or we may be speared where we stand."

"I'll lead my horse. He is about used up," said Sir Frederick. "I owe you my life, Beard—and the boys' lives—"

"Never mind that," interrupted Beard, somewhat grimly. "We will hide your saddle and bridle in a safe place, and we will leave your horse where we can find him. I think it won't be safe, just now, to go into my house by the front door. We can get in by the side door, though, I'm pretty sure, and I can give you something to eat and drink."

"Is Hugh there?" asked the baronet.

"I left him there with Ned," replied Beard. "If they have gone out, they will soon get back again. We were intending to go to your camp to-night, if the way should be clear."

"But my wife and my niece. Do you know anything of them?"

"They may be at the camp, for all you know," said Beard; "or we may meet them on the way. You were lost not far from one another. Come, we must hurry!"

CHAPTER XII.

THE OTHER DOOR OF THE CAVE.

WHEN Ned Wentworth parted from Hugh Parry under the great tree at the front door of Beard's house, he set out with a purpose of his own.

"If I understood that man," he remarked aloud, "after the river leaves the waterfall it goes around the mountain, or through a cleft in it. If that's so, I can find it again. If I do find it, Hugh and I could make our own way home along the bank, whether Beard comes with us or not. He does n't wish to come, or to meet anybody. I can see that."

On he went, therefore, choosing ground that was not too rough and broken to travel over, but keeping as near as he could to the mountain.

"I'll find the river," he said again, "unless the blackfellows find me."

He forgot that time was passing, and that the day could not last much longer. The sun was sinking steadily, and he was getting tired. The forest was giving place to a short, stubby growth upon sandy soil.

"I can find my way back around the mountain," he said at last; "but I wish I could get to the river for a good drink of water. How long that shadow is!"

He noticed the length of it because it was the shadow of a great rock that stood some distance away.

"As late as that?" he exclaimed. "Then I can't get back to the cave to-night. I must push along and find the river. It can't hurt me to spend a night in the woods. I can light a fire to keep off dingos. It will worry Hugh if I don't come, though."

Hugh was not thinking of Ned just then, but he and his mother were also thinking of the nearness of sunset, for it was getting shadowy in the dense forest.

"Mother," said Hugh, "I wish I could get some water for you. We must go toward Beard's cave. I can find the way. We're as safe in one spot as in another."

"I'd like to get away from this, Hugh," she said; "though I feel much safer, now you are with me."

They went forward slowly and cautiously, Hugh leading the horse. The woods grew more and more dim and shadowy.

The six men by the waterfall had gone out, three at a time, and had looked in several directions for traces of the nugget-owner whom they had come there to find; but they had gathered again, to tell one another they were sure of being nearer to him, and that they believed they would have better luck on the morrow.

If Ka-kak-kia's band of blackfellows were not tired, they must have been made of iron, for they had scouted all day long. They had managed with such cleverness that they had not seen, or been seen by, any of their black enemies. The same thing was true of these, for the lame man and his brilliant son made their report concerning white fellows only, and no others were more than suspected of being close at hand.

Ka-kak-kia's followers had a surprise all their own, when they gathered to hear their chief's report of his meeting with his mysterious "friend," whom they all knew, and who had thrown him down and kept him from killing a perfect prize of a big white fellow standing beside a horse. They all agreed with Ka-kak-kia that both of those white fellows were to be

again attacked as soon as there was a chance. They also all agreed that it was not a good night for going to sleep. The time could much better be expended in watching for any camp-fire that might be kindled by reckless white fellows.

Their black enemies were of the same opinion, and it was strengthened a little before sunset. One of their number was missing, and they had sent up all manner of sounds to tell him where they were. The black boy, also, had been sent back along his own trail, to hoot like an owl and call the wanderer. He went and he hooted. He even made blunders, uttering animal cries that never sounded in the "bush" at night, and that roused the suspicions of Ka-kak-kia's party. His hooting was all in vain, and he hunted on until he almost stumbled over something which made him drop flat and listen. He lay still for a minute, but nobody seemed to be near him. He lifted his head and put out his hand. There was no doubt but that the warrior he had stumbled over had been killed by the bullets of some white fellow. The black boy knew his duty. He took every stick belonging to the slain man. Luckily, he had been an uncommonly well-supplied person. His shield was very good; his waddy-club and stone tomahawk were works of art; his three boomerangs had been made in the best manner. So had both of the two long spears, and the throw-stick, and a climber. He had been a rich man; and when the black boy set out to carry back his latest piece of news, he was armed like a chief. It made him walk proudly, and he kept his eyes busy, in a half hope of seeing something or somebody to throw at,—he had so very much all ready to throw. He knew about the fight the day before with Ka-kak-kia and his followers, and he was not at all sure that he might not fall in with some of them on his way to rejoin his own people. He felt that he was having a set of remarkable adventures, and that he was in an unsafe piece of country.

Others also felt unsafe, and the men at Sir Frederick Parry's camp decided to sleep only two at a time. They mourned the absence of watchful Yip more than they did that of the other dogs, and they mentioned him more frequently than even the baronet.

As for Sir Frederick and his new acquaintance, they were getting better and better acquainted as they went along. It was easier for Beard to avoid telling much about himself because Sir Frederick had so many other things upon his mind.

They scouted carefully through the woods, with their rifles held ready for sudden use, but they did not meet anybody, black or white, before they came to the edge of a broken, rocky slope, where Beard remarked:

"We must leave your horse here. We can find him when we come out."

"We will picket him," said the baronet.

That was done with a long piece of bark rope, and then Beard said:

"Now for some dinner!"

"Dinner," replied Sir Frederick. "I'd give more for some water, just now, than for anything else. How far are we from the river?"

"It runs around this mountain on the other side," said Beard. "I can bring that horse enough water to keep him alive; but first I must care for you."

They were walking rapidly up the slope, and now right before them was a mass of broken crags that looked like a good hiding-place.

"Hullo!" exclaimed the baronet, "is this your house?"

"It used to be," said Beard; "but it is n't safe enough now. The blackfellows found it out, and I'm afraid they told other people where it was. I had to give it up."

It looked as if the entrance of a gap among the crags had been rudely roofed over with branches and bark, making a shelter from the weather; but there were no signs of any door.

Beard led the way in, and right through, for the gap continued beyond the roofed place. Sir Frederick followed him silently, even after the gap grew dim and began to look anything but safe.

"Sir Frederick," said Beard, "have you any matches? I must light a torch."

A box of wax-lights was held out to him, and a long pine-knot which Beard had picked up was set on fire before he again led the way.

They were in a crooked crack between two vast masses of limestone that met overhead. There was, however, no difficulty at all in fol-

lowing it, until they came to a point where Beard paused and exclaimed:

"Now, I'm glad you are a man of firm nerves and good muscles!"

"What's that sound?" asked the baronet.

"Nothing but water," said Beard. "I'll give you some of it quickly. Hold the torch while I go down."

Sir Frederick took the flaring torch, and held it far out, to see what Beard was doing.

"Here is a rope-ladder," said Beard; "it's strong enough, but it's a little clumsy, and you must hold tight. I'm all right. There,—hand me the torch."

Down he went like a man who knew the way, and Sir Frederick's good nerves did not prevent him from shuddering when he saw how long that swinging ladder was. The torch stopped going down, and Beard shouted:

"Get a good hold to start with! Come on! It won't break."

Sir Frederick Parry was a brave man, and he was very thirsty. Thus far he had suffered no harm, although his clothes were somewhat dusty, and he had every reason for trusting the man who had saved his life. Still he felt uneasy when he gripped that ladder of bark rope and began to scramble down into the unknown gloom and darkness all around that side door of Beard's house.

"There!" he exclaimed as soon as his feet reached solid rock. "It's a very remarkable place. Is it much further?"

"Why, no," said Beard, lifting the torch. "Here we are only a hundred feet or so from the passage that leads to my 'front door.' I did not have a chance to let the boys know about this entrance, but I told them it was here. We might have come in the other way, ourselves; but it seemed to me that this was safer, after we met Ka-kak-kia."

Sir Frederick followed Beard out through a broken group of stalactites and stalagmites, and then Beard said:

"There's the fireplace, and the fire is still smoldering. The boys have gone out to scout around. I half expected that they would, but I cautioned them not to go too far. See, Sir Frederick, here's the place where they must have cooked their dinner."

"Why, they may not get back to-night. They may lose their way again," exclaimed the baronet.

"I don't think so," replied Beard, as he heaped more wood on the fire. "I gave them careful instructions. I'll go for water. What do you think of my house?"

"It is indeed a wonderful place," replied Sir Frederick, warmly.

Beard went away with his torch in one hand and his tin kettle in the other, and the baronet continued: "I have heard there were a great many caves in this geological formation. It is really not at all remarkable. The wonder of it is that I am here, and that Hugh and Ned have been here. Oh, how thirsty I am!"

That difficulty was removed as soon as the tin kettle came back from its dip into the chasm, and then Beard said:

"There's all the meat you need to broil. Go ahead. Cook and eat as comfortably as you please, but I must not waste any time here. I must know what's going on in the woods. Besides, I think I can get you some coffee for breakfast."

"All right," said the baronet. "I can broil my own dinner. I hope the boys will return while you're gone."

"Likely as not they may," said Beard. "I shall not be gone long"; and before anything else could be said, he had vanished.

"I declare," remarked Sir Frederick to himself, "he has gone, and he forgot to tell me how I'm to get out of this place. I'm corked up like a fly in a bottle. What if he should not come back? I'm in a very remarkable situation. Still, I must eat something, and I'll wait for Hugh or for my red-bearded friend, whoever he may be. He's a great puzzle to me. That was a grand wrestling-match between him and the blackfellow! He must be made of steel and whip-cord!"

So the baronet sat by the fire, broiled kangaroo meat, and made an excellent meal.

Poor Helen Gordon, tired and hungry, there by the river-bank, could not make up her mind to lie down as the darkness came on.

"I dare not sleep," she said; "but I can sit down and lean my back against a tree."

She did so, and the deerhounds came and stretched themselves upon the ground beside her, and Yip put his head into her lap and whined, and then whirled and sat alertly in front, looking keenly out into the darkness, as if to say: "I shall sit up and keep watch."

She was, at all events, better guarded than

were Hugh and his mother, now picking their slow way, with greater and greater difficulty, along through the deepening darkness. That is, it was very dark except in open glades where the moonlight poured in; and yet they were almost afraid of such helps, because in those places other eyes might see them.

(To be continued.)



SHORT AND SWEET.

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

"LEU-CAN-THE-MUM VUL-GA-RE"—oh, you have a long name, too,
You poor, dear little daisy; I can sympathize with you.
Does not your head feel heavy with that dreadful name to hold,
And don't you feel, *Leucanthemum Vulgare*, very old?
I do, dear, when I 'member, though they think my name is "sweet,"
And love to say it over,—"*Gladys Constance Marguerite*."

And then, when you 've been naughty, does your daisy-mama say
"*Leucanthemum Vulgare!*" in such a stern, sad way?
My mama does;—oh, daisy dear, how many times she 's said,
"Now, *Gladys Constance Marguerite*, go right up-stairs to bed!"
And then I know I 'm very bad, for that 's my punish name;
Oh, daisy dear, do you suppose all mamas do the same?

But I love best to call you, dear, just "Daisy"; for you see
That 's my pet name, the very same that every one calls me;
And we are twins now,—are we not?—for both of us have woes,
About our long, long "punish names," that no one ever knows.
They may be "grand," and "dignified," and "sweet," and all the rest,
But we both love, dear,—don't we?—our short Daisy names the best.

THE SECRETS OF SNAKE-CHARMING.

BY G. R. O'REILLY.



THE SNAKE-CHARMERS. FROM THE PAINTING BY FORTUNY, OWNED BY W. T. WALTER, ESQ., BALTIMORE, MD.

I HAVE always found people interested in snake-charming and snake fascination. It is very amusing and very ridiculous to one who has been "behind the scenes," to listen to the explanations given of the charmer's art. Nowadays we do not hear witchcraft given as the explanation, for the day of magic is passed; but even to-day people are led into absurdities quite as nonsensical as those credited in the ages of witches and fairies.

While some people think that snake-charming is performed by drugging the animals, the general opinion is that the charmer's power is due to the influence of "animal magnetism," to the power of the human eye, to will-power, to hypnotism or to something equally mysterious and beyond the reach of common men.

However silly these theories may be when applied to human beings, they are more absurd when applied to animals, and especially to snakes. It is true that sometimes the eye of a determined man will awe an enraged animal that has some knowledge of man's power. But so will the eye of a tiger affect a man. Any other eye that has power of evil behind it will have the same effect. The eye is but the

reminder that tells us the owner of it *lives*. If the life or energy behind it be terrible in its power, the eye, its index, is to be feared. But if the life indicated is weak or gentle, then the power of the eye avails nothing toward control.

Now, the snakes used by the charmer are not drugged, as some think, nor are they in the least affected by "magnetism," or hypnotic power. They feel not at all the influence of the eye. Generally they do not even see it. The owner of it they see as a whole when he moves; but if he remains quiet they will probably never notice him. For the eye of a snake is very quick to detect *motion*, but very dull as to form and color. It will not distinguish between a man sitting motionless and a tree-stump, or know the difference between a frog and a stone until the animal jumps. All the mistakes that people make in regard to these animals arise from a false idea of their ways. And all the power of the snake-charmer, be it great or little, comes from his intimate acquaintance with their likes and dislikes, together with a knowledge of other people's ideas about snakes. The sharper deceives the simple country-folk because he understands their ways of thought;

so does the snake-charmer delude the people who come to see him. He knows that they believe in hypnotism and the power of his eye, consequently he makes mysterious passes with his hands, and gazes with all his might on the reptiles he uses. Then the people go away and say it was all in the "power of his eye." They inquire, "Did you see how he kept his eye on them?" If he did, it was only his playing to popular prejudice; for he knows what the spectators think and he humors them, but his earnest gaze has no effect whatever on the snakes.

The account of snake-charming which I here give is not founded on any supposition, but on actual knowledge of hard facts. It is not an attempt to account for things which I have seen without understanding; it is a simple telling of what I myself can do, and have done many a time, explaining all afterward according to simple laws of nature and human reason combined. In short, I shall try to give a plain scientific explanation of snake-charming.

For years I have lived among snakes. I have hunted them and caught them in twenty different countries, and I have made their ways and habits the study of my life. Through a field-glass, from safe retreats behind rocks or bushes, I have watched all their doings in the wild and secret places where they live. Not satisfied with that, I have brought them home to live with me in my study. Very interesting it is, too, to observe their ways of life; their behavior when hungry and thirsty; to see them asleep and awake; quiet or on the move; in rest or in anger; walking, running, swimming, or climbing.

Few men knew more of India than the late Sir Bartle Frere, and he once assured me that I did all that the Indian charmers do, and many things they do not attempt.

In this country, we never see snake-charming in its perfection; nor, indeed, outside of India and North Africa, are perfect snake-charmers to be found. Here, they simply *handle* the snakes; and the only wonder about the performance is why snakes that will bite any one else do not bite the snake-charmer. The answer is, because he knows *how* to handle them. He does n't hurt them and he does n't frighten

them, and, as a rule, a snake bites only when he is either hurt or frightened. The snake-charmer knows the treatment that will neither hurt nor frighten, and accordingly he acts with safety.

This is the first secret of snake-charming, and usually the last also, as we see it practised in the cheap shows. This should not be called *snake-charming*—it is only *snake-handling*.

Let us consider some performances of a higher class, as exhibited at the court of Morocco, or before the princes of India.

First: The charmer discovers by "magic" means the presence of a snake in a specified distant place where he himself has never been; and then, with witnesses, and in their presence, he goes to the place and finds the snake.

Second: He causes a snake, never before seen by him, to follow him, turning when he turns, and nestling at his feet when he stops.

Third: The charmer by simply holding up his hand makes a moving snake stop instantly, and remain perfectly motionless.

Fourth: By motions of the hand, with or without music, he makes a cobra stand up perpendicularly from the ground, and dance about, coiled on the tail.

Fifth: By striking him with an ordinary lead-pencil he makes the same dancing cobra suddenly sham death, turning over on his back and becoming as rigid as a stick. Then, by a simple movement, he instantly restores him to activity, and again sets him to dancing.

Sixth: He calms an enraged boa-constrictor, hissing fiercely and biting at everything in his reach, and makes him quietly enter a sack.

Seventh: The charmer covers himself with snakes which will not molest him, but will bite viciously at any one who approaches him.

Eighth: He places an enraged snake on a table, and shows that while the snake will bite at any one who goes near him, even at the charmer himself, yet when the latter takes him up with his right hand the snake will not attack that hand, but will strike viciously at the other.

Ninth: He suspends a branch in the center of a room, and places some snakes on it. The charmer stands close by, while another person approaches from the opposite side. The snakes run from the latter, leave the branch, and coil round the neck and outstretched arms of the

charmer, which they do not molest, but they will bite at any one who tries to remove them.

All of these feats I myself have accomplished. Now let us sift each performance.

First: The finding of the snake—a feat for which the Hindu charmers get well paid, pretending thus to rid houses of snakes.

One day as I stood talking with some friends, on a South African ostrich-farm, the owner, whom I knew, came up and asked if I had been “successful in the snake-hunt to-day.” I answered that I had not. Then he smiled, and said: “My servants have an idea that you know by some magic means where the snakes are, and then go and find them there, because you always come home with one whenever you go out. I have seen the snake-charmers do it in India; but I don’t suppose that you accomplish such things.”

“Why,” said I, laughing, “I was just going up to your house to catch one there.”

“But we have never seen a snake about the house; you must be mistaken this time,” he answered.

“Never mind,” said I; “let us see if I am not right. Allow me to look at your wrists.”

I looked at his wrists, glanced at his eyes, and then looked at the wrists again. Then I asked what room he had last been in.

“In the drawing-room.”

“Well, then, let us go up to the house. I’ll catch a snake in the drawing-room.”

The hearers all thought this a joke; but we went to the room, and moved every article of furniture it contained,—chairs, lounges, piano, and all. No snake was to be seen. “I may be mistaken,” I said; “but I know it *was* here.”

As I spoke the words the proprietor himself lifted a cushion from the sofa, and a cobra three feet long darted at his hand. I jumped forward, and soon had the reptile by the neck.

They begged me to tell them how I knew the snake was there, but I merely laughed and said nothing, preferring to hear their opinions. They asked to see its fangs. I opened its mouth; the fangs were in place.

The proprietor was quite sure that the snake could not have touched him without his knowledge, so as to leave any mark on his wrists or clothes; and they all concluded that the

presence of the snake in the room that morning had in some magnetic way “influenced the gentleman’s circulation,” or had so “affected his nervous system” that I got evidence of its presence by noting the state of his pulse.

“Why,” said one, “did you never notice the queer nervous sensation that comes over you when you unexpectedly see a snake close to your feet in the grass? Just as the compass points to the north, so do your nerves work round to the magnetism of that snake.”

Now this was really an utterly mistaken and ridiculous explanation.

Next day, however, they began to waver in the magnetic theory. They said that, after all, I might have had the snake with me somewhere when they met me. I answered this jestingly with a “may be so.”

During the following week, I expected the ostrich-farmer to call on me. On the very day I expected him he came. “Well,” said I, as I looked at his wrists again, “how is it possible that you have so many snakes in your drawing-room?” “Come, come!” said he, smiling, “no more of that. You had that snake in your pocket.” “Well, search me, this time,” said I, “and be sure there’s no trick in it. I have no snake in my pocket, or anywhere else about me; but I believe there is really one in your drawing-room again.”

He took me at my word, and searched me all over before we set out to catch it. “You know,” said I, “that I have n’t been near your house since the day I caught the other fellow.”

“If you are right this time, I’ll believe you have the same power as the Hindus,” he answered.

On the way, we called for the friends who had been with us on the previous occasion; and they also searched me so as to assure themselves that I had no snake with me. Quite satisfied, as indeed they might be, we went on; and behold! as we entered the drawing-room door, there was a big snake scurrying in under the piano.

We drove him from his shelter, and in a few minutes he was captured. I had him by the neck. But this time it was not a cobra, but a harmless snake.

They were satisfied of my power, and to this

day they incline to the "magnetic" theory — unless they have since found out that I had a helper that time—one of the ostrich-farm servants who, at my request, had carried in a harmless snake, and let him loose in the drawing-room as soon as he saw us approaching the house! On the first occasion, I did have the cobra in my pocket, and his fangs were not removed. I showed these to them so as to disarm their suspicions of my having had him about me. But then, he had n't a drop of venom in his glands, for I had pressed it out previously.

But trickery of this kind cannot make a snake follow a man about, and actually go wherever he goes, turn when he turns, and, when he stops, nestle at his feet. Surely here is magnetism. Let us see:

It happened that a few of us were standing in a field near my own house, when we saw a large black-and-white snake gliding along. It took refuge in a bunch of grass and weeds, about fifty yards away.

"Don't kill him," said I; "and I will show you something you never saw before. I'll make

is necessary to mention that it was a very calm day. The sun was shining overhead, and not a cloud was in the sky. The field was covered with very short grass, and I trusted to the fact that there was not a mole-hole or a rat-hole in the entire acre, nor any other place for the snake to hide in, except



A SNAKE-CHARMER LEADING A SNAKE.

that snake follow me into the house without ever touching him. In fact, of his own accord, he'll go wherever I go."

They waited while I ran in and hurriedly changed my dress, reappearing in a moment clad in a navy-blue dressing-gown, reaching down to within an inch of the ground. Now it

that very bunch of weeds where he still lay close. I approached him, and took up my station about

twenty yards from where he was hiding. I stood still as a statue, with my arms hanging motionless by my sides, and my face toward him. I then asked them to go to the bunch of grass by the farther side, and to chase him out so that he would make his exit on the side next to me. But before they came near, he had already glided off, and made directly toward me. I was gazing straight at him as he approached me, and, without turning my head or moving my arms, I began to move gently backward. Still he followed. I turned to the

left; he still followed. He was not angry—he did not want to attack me, for he glided on very gently. If I moved to his right, he did so too; if I went to his left, he did the same.

I allowed him to come within a yard of me, and then asked the others, but still with my eyes carefully on the snake, to direct me in my backward route, since I could not turn my head to direct myself, as I had to keep facing him. They sent me by a very winding route, but he followed every turn till I got to the door. When finally I sat down gently on the step, he glided in beneath my dressing-gown, and coiled himself on the toes of my shoes. They lifted the skirt of the dressing-gown to look at him, and he was frightened, and shot past me into the door, taking refuge among the furniture. I picked him up, and added him to my already large collection of live snakes. Poor fellow! he died long ago, and his remains are in a bottle in the museum of Trinity College, Dublin.

Now, they did n't *drive* him toward me, for they had remained afar off, nearly as far from him as they had been at first.

"How did you do it?" they inquired; and I, in answer (as was my right), asked them to explain it.

One believed I had some food about me to attract him. Another thought I had rubbed on my dressing-gown some drug of which he liked the odor. On being assured that these guesses were wrong, they remembered that I had kept my eye on him all the time and never once turned from him. They asked if that was a necessary part of it. I said, "Yes; otherwise I could not keep control of him."

Then they said, "It is magnetism, or hypnosis. It is by the power of your eye that you did it."

"No," I answered; "it was not my eyes that drew him. The attraction was more general; but yet it was neither food, nor drink, nor odor of any kind. He was attracted toward me very powerfully indeed, but the cause was neither chemical nor electrical."

Six words contain the answer: six more the explanation. Perhaps the reader can guess them. *He wanted to hide beneath me; as the shadow was tempting, and he did n't know that*

I was a living thing. *The dressing-gown hid my moving feet.*

Like the alphabet or the telephone, it is very simple when you know it, but very mysterious when you don't.

Now for the third trick: A charmer can, by a simple motion of his hand, make a moving snake stop instantly.

The reason is this: A snake is a most timid animal. His eyes, as has been said before, while dull to color and form, are quick to motion, especially if it is rapid. If any large thing moves very quickly, too near him, he gets frightened and scurries off; while at certain distances, the motion stops him if he be moving. He stops from astonishment, fear, or the wish to see what it is that moves. Hence he glides on, unconscious of the charmer's presence near him so long as the latter remains perfectly quiet; the snake does n't know him from a tree or a rock. But when he gives a sudden evidence of life, the snake is astonished, and immediately remains stock still.

In the fourth trick, the charmer makes the cobra dance, with or without music. In India and Africa the charmers pretend the snakes dance to the music; but they do not, for they never hear it. A snake has no external ears, and perhaps gets evidence of sound only through his skin, when sound causes bodies in contact with him to vibrate. They hear also through the nerves of the tongue, but do not at all comprehend sound as we do. But the snake's eyes are very much alive to the motions of the charmer, or to the moving drumsticks of his confederate; and, being alarmed, he prepares to strike. A dancing cobra (and no other snakes dance) is simply a cobra alarmed and in a posture of attack. He is not dancing to the music, but is making ready to strike the charmer.

The fifth trick is thus explained: The cobra is perhaps the most nervous of all snakes. After being teased a little, a blow from a light instrument, such as a lead-pencil, will throw him into a state of collapse, when every muscle becomes rigid as in tetanus or "lockjaw." If allowed, he will remain still as if dead and stiff as a stick for half an hour. To restore him the charmer catches him by the tip of the tail, and

gives him a sudden jerk up from the ground. This stretches the spine, relaxes the tension of the muscles, and the snake is again immediately "dancing" to attack. Again and again this can be repeated.

As to the sixth: An enraged boa-constrictor will hiss as loudly as a small steam-engine, and

The wide mouth of the sack he gathers up with his left hand, drawing it somewhat tightly round the neck. If with his right hand, now, he feels the snake trying to push forward into the bag, he quietly lets go, and the boa crawls into the darkness of the interior, thinking he is hiding. If, on the contrary, the snake pulls his



SNAKE-CHARMER OF MOROCCO.

bite viciously and repeatedly at any one who approaches him. The charmer takes an empty sack, and holds it before him like a screen. He moves very slowly (rapid motion would make the snake bite), and covers the snake with it, taking notice where the head is. Then he runs his hand quickly underneath, grasps the snake gently but firmly round the neck, spreads out the sack and draws the opening over the head.

head back, the charmer scratches the tail, a thing which all boa-constrictors dislike. This annoyance will cause the snake to shoot forward and coil in the bottom of the sack, thinking that he has at last reached safety from annoyance.

The seventh trick may be thus explained: The charmer takes the snakes, and places them over his shoulders and arms. They are not

alarmed at his gentle action. Then he remains perfectly still, the snakes seeming to regard him as a convenient tree for crawling on, and his outstretched arms as branches to cling to. Then a confederate approaches and teases them. They forget the motionless charmer, but will naturally fly at any moving person who approaches him.

In the eighth trick, the charmer places a vicious snake on a table, and excites him to the highest anger, so that he becomes almost unapproachable. Then, with his left hand raised and moving in jerks, he slowly draws near to the snake, who, disregarding the gently moving body and motionless right hand, does his best to bite the threatening left. Now while the left hand is still moving and the snake's attention is well fixed on that, the hitherto quiet right hand swoops suddenly on the snake, and lifts him from the table in a twinkling. The distraction thus caused by the right hand is but a slight momentary surprise, while the left remains all the time a constant menace, and to it the enraged snake confines his whole attention.

In the next feat a bough is suspended in the center of the room, and some snakes are placed on it. This is done very gently, so that the animals are not frightened. Then the man stands close by, motionless as a statue. The snakes are alarmed by a confederate coming up rapidly on the other side, and fly from him, leaving the branches and climbing over the charmer as over a convenient tree. They do not know that his motionless form is anything to fear, and having no other place to escape, they crawl out to the extremities of his outstretched arms. Then the confederate irritates them, and they will bite at him or any one else, but there is nothing to cause them to attack the motionless charmer.

Thus it will be seen that the secret of the snake-charmer is a perfect knowledge of the ways and powers of snakes, and of their likes and dislikes. Of course he must know more than this. He must be able to tell what kind of snake will suit each purpose best, because

a snake that will do for one performance may not suit another.

The snakes used by the charmers in this country are generally boa-constrictors, pythons, or other harmless kinds, so that if they do bite no evil effects will follow. The deadly snakes are generally rather small. Three feet would be about their average size. The family of the boas and pythons, to which belong all the very large snakes of the world, contains no venomous species. Large snakes allow themselves to be pulled about in a way that their smaller brethren would quickly resent. The boa-constrictor is especially mild and gentle; but, when once angered (which the charmers here take care shall not happen) he is exceedingly fierce, and will not become calm again for a considerable time.

In addition to this mildness of temper, our comparatively cold climate renders them sluggish of movement, and oftener still they are weakened by bad treatment. Few of them are fed properly or sufficiently. As a starved race-horse loses his spirit, so does the noble boa, when weakened by hunger, lack his native fire of resentment.

Like men, they seem to have their peculiarities of temper, and each species has likes and dislikes proper to itself. A knowledge of these is the secret of handling snakes. For the charmer to puff his breath in the face of a boa-constrictor is an indignity which would call forth a loud and prolonged hiss from even the meekest of his tribe. Should this insult be several times repeated, the gentle character disappears entirely, giving place to anger and a display of hissing and biting, such as no other serpent is capable of exhibiting.

Many persons have imagined that snakes become tame, in the sense in which we apply that word to birds and quadrupeds; but this is entirely a mistake. The master comes to know the animal's ways, and he treats it accordingly. A snake that is often handled submits to it more readily, after a time; but even if born in a house (and I have had such) snakes will never cease to be wild snakes, for they cannot be tamed, nor can they learn to distinguish persons.



POET'S NARCISSUS.

(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

POET'S NARCISSUS.

(*Narcissus Poeticus.*)

BY MRS. R. SWAIN GIFFORD.



WHEN English children go a-maying, they find, in sheltered places, by little brooks, the beautiful "poet's narcissus."

This is a very ancient flower, for it bloomed even as long ago as when the gods and

goddesses were supposed to live on the earth.

The old Grecian legends say it was the flower the maiden Proserpine was gathering when Pluto took her away to his dark home

under ground. Another legend tells about a beautiful youth named Narcissus. His father was a river god named Cephissus, and his mother a nymph called Liriope. The wonderful beauty of the youth caused many to love him, but he was cold and indifferent to all.

A poor little nymph called Echo loved him so dearly that she pined away and died because he would not care for her.

At last Nemesis, the goddess of retribution, decided to punish him for his hard heart.

She caused him to fall in love with his own image as he looked into a stream, and as he could never reach this beautiful reflection, he gradually perished with hopeless love.

His body was changed into the beautiful flowers, which have, ever after, borne his name.

For, as his own bright visage he surveyed,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he loved.

ADDISON'S "OVID."

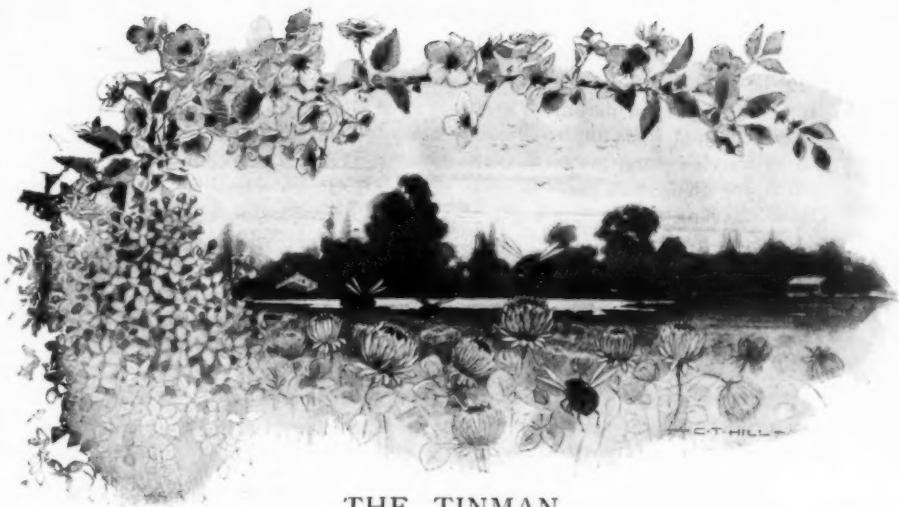
FAR IN THE WOODS IN MAY.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

FAR in the woods—the fresh green woods—in May
There sang a bird; but all it found to say
Was "Keep it! keep it!" all the merry day.

The bird? I never saw it, no,—not I!
I followed, but it flitted far on high;
And "Keep it! keep it!"—Echo caught the cry.

I was so glad, as through the woods I went!
And now I think that "Keep it! keep it!" meant,
"Child, keep each happy thought that Heaven has sent."



THE TINMAN.

BY MARIAN DOUGLAS.

APPLE-bloom and lilac,
 Oh, how sweet they smell!
 Bob o' Lincoln, hear him
 Like a silver bell!
 Round the barn the swallows,
 Loudly twittering, dart;

All things speak of springtime;
 See the tinman's cart!
 Pans and pails a-glitter,
 Great brooms mounted high,
 Big and little dippers,
 Like those in the sky;



Stopping at each farm-house,—
 "Is the lady in?
 Have you any rags, ma'am?
 Do you want some tin?
 Tin or wooden ware, ma'am,—
 Will you trade with me?"
 Oh, a traveling tinman
 I should like to be!
 Everybody knows him,
 Every one he knows;
 Through the pleasant summer
 Jogging round he goes.

All the world about him
 From his cart he sees,—
 Fields of purple clover,
 Murmuring with bees;
 Gardens full of roses,
 Brook-sides blue with flags,—
 Asking at each farm-house,
 "Have you any rags?
 Tin or wooden ware, ma'am,—
 Will you trade with me?"
 Oh, a traveling tinman's
 Is the life for me!



THE STORY OF MONKEY-MOKE.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.

ONCE upon a time many years ago when animals could talk, there lived a very naughty monkey whose name was Monkey-Moke. Now Monkey-Moke used to tease the cat by pulling her tail when she lay fast asleep on the carpet; Monkey-Moke was known also to run after little chickens and frighten them very much; and when his mother was reading, as monkeys did in those days, Monkey-Moke often made so much noise that his mama grew very angry and said she would punish him if he did not behave better.

But Monkey-Moke kept on being naughty; kept on teasing the little pussy-cat; kept on running after the chickens; kept on making a noise when his mother wished him to be quiet, and at last got so bad that nobody invited him any more to tea-parties, and people said he was too naughty for nice little monkeys to play with.

One morning Monkey-Moke seemed to the family to have so bad a headache that he could not go to school, so his mama said he might lie in bed and play with his new box of wooden sol-

diers. But Monkey-Moke was perfectly well, and only made-believe have a headache so that his mama would let him stay away from school.

So, when his mama left the room to go downstairs and prepare the dinner, Monkey-Moke quickly jumped out of his bed and began to dress himself, taking great care to make no noise, for he was afraid somebody might hear him and make him go back to bed.

But he did not put on his old clothes which he wore to school. This naughty Monkey-Moke went to the cupboard where his mother kept the cleanest Sunday clothing, and pulled out the very nicest, freshest clothes he could find. He put on a pair of yellow trousers, a red coat, a very high collar, a cravat covered with large blue spots, a high hat, and took a walking-stick with a gold knob at the end.

his mother. But he saw no one, so he cautiously climbed out upon the window-sill and jumped from there on to the branch of a large chestnut-tree that grew very near the house, and then he climbed carefully from branch to branch until he came to the bottom.

By this time he was very red in the face and out of breath from his hard work, and, besides, his new coat and trousers were a little mussed; so he pulled out his handkerchief and brushed himself off, then wiped his face and hands and started off for a walk over the fields to play with some other naughty little monkeys that lived in the next village.

But the day was rather warm; his new shoes were a little tight; his high hat felt heavy; his Sunday coat seemed too hot, and his new trousers were not very com-



MONKEY-MOKE SCARES THE LITTLE CHICKENS.

When he had finished dressing he strutted up and down before the looking-glass, and said to himself, "I think I am a very pretty monkey indeed."

Then he opened the window and peeped out to see if any one was looking, for he was very much afraid that some one would come and tell

him. He began to think he was getting tired and would like to have something to eat; but he had nothing in his pocket except his pocket-handkerchief, so he had to go on.

At last, however, he saw a big cow eating grass by the side of a beautiful little pond, and he said to himself, "I will go up and speak to

Mrs. Cow and ask her to give me a ride." So he walked up to Mrs. Cow and said, "Good morning, Mrs. Cow. How do you feel, this fine morning?"

"Very well, thank you," said Mrs. Cow, going on with her breakfast. "I hope you feel well too, Mr. Monkey-Moke."

"No, indeed, Mrs. Cow," said Monkey-Moke; "I feel very badly; for I have been walking a long distance, and my feet hurt me. I am very hungry, and I am anxious to get to the next village before noon."

When Mrs. Cow heard this she felt very sorry for Monkey-Moke, and so she said to him, "Well, Mr. Monkey-Moke, as I am a very big cow, and you are a very small monkey, and as you are very tired, perhaps you would like me to give you a ride on my back."

on to my tail and climb on until you reach my back, and you can sit there while I give you a ride."

So Monkey-Moke put his walking-stick between his teeth, planted his high hat firmly on his head, and buttoned his coat up tight; then he climbed up the cow's leg and took hold of her tail, and in a very short time was nicely seated on the back of the big cow. Then the cow began to move slowly, and Mr. Monkey-Moke enjoyed himself very much; in fact, he forgot that he was tired and hungry, and began to tease Mrs. Cow.

First he took his long tail and tickled Mrs. Cow's ears; then he took his walking-stick and poked Mrs. Cow in the side; then he began to scratch Mrs. Cow with his long nails, and at last he began to pull out Mrs. Cow's soft hair.



MRS. COW CARRIES MONKEY-MOKE INTO THE POND.

"Indeed," said Monkey-Moke, "I should like that very much, and if you let me have a ride on your back, I will be very good and thank you very much."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Cow; "climb up my hind leg until you reach my tail, then catch

This was very naughty, so Mrs. Cow began to scold Mr. Monkey-Moke. She said:

"Now, Mr. Monkey-Moke, if you don't stop teasing me right away, I sha'n't carry you any longer, but shall drop you here and let you walk all the rest of the way in your tight shoes."

But Monkey-Moke held on to Mrs. Cow and said: "Oh, I am not afraid of you, Mrs. Cow; and I sha'n't get down, and I shall do as I please, and I shall tease you just as much as I please; and I am holding on so tight to your hair that you can't throw me off, and therefore you have got to carry me to the next village."

Then Mrs. Cow became very angry and said:

"Mr. Monkey-Moke, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You promised to be very good and behave well, but instead of that you have been beating me and scratching me, and now I shall not carry you any more, so get right down this very moment."

But Mr. Monkey-Moke laughed very loud, and went on beating Mrs. Cow with his stick, and pulling her hair out with his fingers.

Then Mrs. Cow said to herself:

"I shall ask Mr. Monkey-Moke once more to get down off of my back, and if then he is still naughty and will not go away, I will jump into the pond full of water and wet his new clothes."

So she once more called out to Mr. Monkey-Moke: "Please, Mr. Monkey-Moke, do get down from my back, because you hurt me very much."

But Monkey-Moke would not; on the contrary, he went on teasing Mrs. Cow.

Then what do you think happened?

Mrs. Cow stuck her tail right out straight to show that she was very angry, and then ran very hard toward the water. Mr. Monkey-Moke became very much frightened, because he did not like the water at all, and usually cried when his mother gave him his bath in the morning. He tried to make Mrs. Cow stop by promising to be good, but it was too late—on and on rushed Mrs. Cow, Mr. Monkey-Moke holding on very tight. At last there came a great splash, and Mr. Monkey-Moke felt the cold water trickling up his nose, down his ears, and into his eyes. When he tried to speak the water rushed into his mouth, and he was afraid that he would be drowned. He thought of his dear mama at home, of his warm little bed and of his bowl of bread and milk, and said to himself that if he

once got away from this water he would never again be a naughty monkey. While he was struggling in the water, Mrs. Cow gave him a push with her nose and once more put him on land, much to Mr. Monkey-Moke's delight. Mrs. Cow then told him to run home straight to his mama and tell how naughty he had been and promise to be a good boy afterward.

So Mr. Monkey-Moke picked up his stick and his wet hat and ran home as hard as he could. His collar and his trousers and his coat and his new cravat were all spoiled by the water, and his mother was very angry at him. Then,



MR. MONKEY-MOKE GETS A DUCKING.

again, he caught a bad cold and the doctor had to be called, who gave him some very nasty medicine to take, and made him stay in bed for six days eating nothing but gruel without any sugar.

But, in the end, it did Mr. Monkey-Moke good, for he did not tease Miss Pussy-Cat any more; nor did he frighten the little chickens; nor make a noise when his mother wanted to read, and above all he was very careful not to tease Mrs. Cow.



JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

MY FRIENDS: I hear there is to be a World's Fair in Chicago this year, and that it opens this very month. To my thinking, there's a world's fair every year, and a grand one, too, that opens here always at about this time,—the greatest floral and agricultural show on record;—but Chicago, I'm told, intends to introduce manufactures, arts, and all sorts of wonders and achievements drawn from nearly every part of the earth; so I suppose *her* show, like herself, really is to be the very biggest thing ever known. Well, the Deacon and the dear Little Schoolma'am—and, therefore, my honored self—all agree that this show, this grand Columbian Exposition, as it is called, is a matter in which our whole country is interested. Yes, and it's an excellent thing for this noble Republic to do in celebration of a certain 400-years-ago historic event which has been mentioned several times lately in the very best circles. The great discovery cannot be too warmly remembered, too splendidly honored, and I heartily hope that the intrepid Christopher who (as the Little Schoolma'am says) carried a good solid quarter of this earth on his Genoese shoulders, has the joy, wherever he may be to-day, of knowing just what the new country he brought into view is turning out to be.

Now we'll give our attention to

A LAZY WASP.

DEAR JACK: On looking over some of the old numbers of *St. Nicholas*, I came across that of June, 1889, in which is an article called "The Aesthetic Wasps"; it reminded me of a similar incident of last summer.

I was spending a few weeks at my aunt's at the Neshaminy, and employed part of my time crocheting. Near the open window stood the sewing-machine, where I was accustomed to leave my work when not busy with it. One day—it was particularly warm and drowsy—my work lay idle all the morning. In the afternoon I took it up and had just commenced upon it, when I

noticed two little green worms, such as are found among the timothy-grass (those upon which wasps and other large insects feed), lying in my lap. I jumped up in great fear, as though I had seen a snake. Stooping down to brush them outdoors, instead of two, there were five worms on the carpet. Where had they come from? I shook my gown, but found no more until after tea, when again I resumed my lace, and behold! again I spied a worm in my lap. Just then I noticed the peculiar appearance of one end of my spool, and on examination it proved to be stopped up with mud, while the other end was still open, whence came the little worms. A mud-wasp had apparently come in through the open window, and seeing my spool, thought she would save herself the trouble of building a house as her sisters had done under the eaves of the porch.

We all watched the machine to see her return (we had before noticed a wasp flying round, but thought nothing of it), and we soon saw her return with her burden, and go into one of two or three spools lying there. I picked up the smallest, a No. 60, and aunt, with the crochet-needle, broke into the mud-sealed ends and out fell more than a dozen worms! How crowded they must have been! The mud-wasp, as we know, builds her house, in which she lays the eggs, then gathers small worms for the young to feed upon, before sealing up the doors of her dwelling. But this wasp was either too lazy or too much oppressed by the exceedingly warm weather, to build the walls of her own house. Yours truly, M.

A BOLD VIOLET.

WOULD you believe it? the flowers actually talk to each other sometimes, though perhaps nobody but a Jack-in-the-Pulpit can understand them. And I now find out that the violet is rather tired of being always called "modest," and the rose of being considered "proud" and "queenly," while the poppy insists that it does *not* always "flaunt" its "pals, and the lily claims that it is *not* "dear." This little story of a modest rose and a violet will show you how the flowers themselves may sometimes feel, though no doubt the wise human folk will go on writing about the "haughty" rose and the "modest" violet just as if it never could be otherwise.

Here is the story:

"Once there was a superb red rose, who, though she had been much admired, hung her head modestly and longed to hide herself in the shadows of the garden.

"It is so light up here," she said to herself, 'and everybody can see me. I wish they would not put me in so conspicuous a place. Besides, I'm beginning to fade.'

"Don't you like it?" whispered a violet near by. 'I do.'

"The rose, naturally shocked at this remark from a violet, made no reply, but bowed more meekly on her stem as if striving in some way to atone for her companion's audacity.

"Yes," continued the bold violet. 'I like it. I learn through the children's comments that I'm not only sweet, but I'm lovely, and, above all, I'm modest. All this is delightful, and I'm thankful that I can make myself so agreeable.'

"Then the bold violet turned its face to the light, squared its pretty shoulders, and swayed in the breeze.

"Soon the children came to the window and

leaned out upon the stone sill where stood the rose-tree and the violet.

"Then the eldest child daintily severed the humble rose from its stem and cast it away, saying crossly, 'Bother! why did you go and fade? I intended to wear you at dinner.'

"But both the children kissed the violet lightly, and praised it for remaining fresh so long.

"You're just as pretty as you can be—you little sweetness!" said the younger child, softly caressing it.

"I know it," thought the bold violet. "Is n't it nice!" And she did n't hang her head one bit, but just swayed there in the breeze, squaring her pretty shoulders, and holding her face to the light till the sun went down."

HERE is a bit of observation sent you by your friend James Carter Beard. He not only describes certain funny "goings on" in Central Park, but most kindly sends you this picture of the scene, which he drew on the spot. He calls his true story

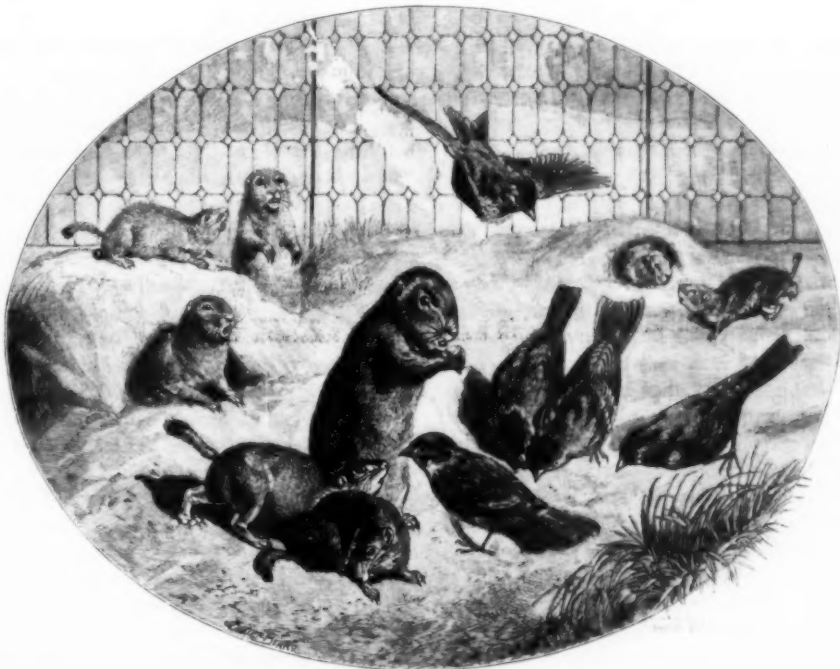
A SOCIABLE PARTY.

ALL the birds and beasts in the zoölogical collection at Central Park have every day at their meals a number of uninvited guests. Whether they like it or not, the

animals on exhibition have to share their food with a host of greedy, noisy, saucy little visitors that cannot be driven away even by the eagles and vultures. These little visitors show their contempt for royalty itself by bearding the lion in his den, sharing his rations, and sometimes disturbing his naps when they alight upon his paw or his back.

Of course the visitors referred to are English sparrows; what other living creatures would be so bold? The animals most subject to their persecutions, and most submissive to them, are the prairie-dogs. These little animals are accustomed to entertain uninvited guests on the plains of Colorado and New Mexico, where they live when at home: guests such as rattlesnakes and the owls that not only live with them, but, not content with free lodgings, sometimes ungratefully eat up their hosts' little ones.

As substitutes for owls and snakes, the sparrows in Central Park are indeed welcome to the prairie-dogs, though they always get more than a fair share of the daily lunch. Sometimes they peck their timid hosts when the latter attempt to sit at the "first table." The prairie-dogs, however, never seem to take offense, but chatter away to the sparrows and to each other in the best of spirits, glad to accept whatever the sparrows are pleased to leave them. Each dog or family of dogs has its own burrow, but they are constantly visiting one another, and holding town-meetings in the center of the space allotted them for their village. A happier, more peaceable, or more interesting community it would indeed be hard to find.



THE PRAIRIE-DOGS AND THEIR UNBIDDEN GUESTS.



BY JULIA D. COWLES.

ONCE upon a time there lived two fairies named Optie and Pessie.

Now, Optie and Pessie were sisters, but you never would have guessed it in the world, for they did not look one bit alike.

Each of these fairies had a very strange habit of always carrying about a pair of little glasses, through which to look at anything or anybody that interested her.

One day they started out for a walk, taking their precious glasses with them.

They had not gone far when a toad hopped across the path.

"What is that?" they both exclaimed; and both put up their glasses to look.

"Oh, oh, oh!" screamed Pessie. "It is a great big monster!"

"Why, no," answered Optie; "it is a very little thing, and quite harmless, I am sure."

But Pessie had started to run away, and Optie's words could not stop her.

"How foolish," thought Optie, "to run for such a little thing"; and she stood watching the toad as he hopped away.

The next day they started for another walk. When they reached the edge of the woods, they

began to pick up the nuts which had fallen upon the ground.

Suddenly Optie said, "Listen!" High on the bough of a tree sat a bird singing as though his little throat would burst. Up went both glasses at once.

"What a beautiful bird!" said Optie. "And how charmingly he sings!"

"Pshaw!" answered Pessie. "Do you call that little speck a beautiful bird? I am sure I cannot see any beauty in it, and surely its song cannot be worth listening to"; and she went on picking up the nuts and paying no attention to the music which filled all the air.

Optie looked at her sister in surprise. Then she exclaimed, "I know, Pessie. You looked through the wrong side of your glasses."

"No, I did n't," snapped Pessie. "I meant to look through that side."

Optie tried to coax her just to try the other way and see how much nicer it was, but Pessie would not be persuaded; neither would she listen to the song.

After a while some boys were seen coming through the woods, and our two little fairies hid behind a tree till they should pass.

As one of the boys went by the tree, his foot struck the pile of nuts which had been carefully gathered, and scattered them all among the grass.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Pessie, when they were by, stamping her foot and snatching up her glasses. "Just see what those great big boys have done; and we will have all our work to do over, for see how far away they have scattered our nuts."

"Oh, never mind," answered Optie, cheerfully, as she peered through her glasses. "They were quite little boys, and probably did not notice them; besides, it won't take long to pick them up again. They are only scattered a little way." And she set briskly to work, and had half of them picked up before Pessie had smoothed the wrinkles from her face.

And so it always was. If anything pleasant came in their way, Optie always looked through the side of her glass which made it appear as big as possible, or if anything unpleasant was discovered, she would look through the other side of her glass to make it seem very small and insignificant indeed; while Pessie always took the opposite course, and magnified the unpleasant things, but was quite unwilling that the good things should appear as large as they really were.

Of course Optie had a much better time than Pessie; but she never could persuade her sister to look through the same side of the glass that she did, and finally she gave up trying, and laughingly declared that Pessie really enjoyed her way of looking at things, and so she should let her alone.

Well, when Optie and Pessie grew older and had households of their own to look after, they still used their magic glasses, but by this time they had become so trained in the use of them that they could see people's thoughts and motives as if they were the people themselves.

One morning Optie said to Rainbow, her husband (he was always such a gay little fellow that every one called him Rainbow): "Now, dear, do remember to go to the Silkspider's before you come home, and bring me some threads for my embroidery."

Rainbow said he would; but when he came back he had forgotten all about it!

Optie felt a little inclined to scold, for she very much wanted to finish her embroidery that day, but first she took up her glasses and looked right into Rainbow's mind.

"It was a very little forget, after all," she said to herself; "not at all worth making any fuss about"; and so Rainbow had his favorite supper of mushrooms and honey, and in the evening they both took a walk to the Silkspider's, and the embroidery was finished the next day.

At another time the little maid who did the housework neglected to set away the pail of water with which she had been washing the glass floors of their home, and one of the small Rainbows fell into the water.

Optie ran to the scene of trouble, and her first thought was, "What a careless little maid, to be sure!" But when she had looked for a moment at the pail and the dripping little Rainbow through those wonderful glasses, the whole affair seemed so small that she put Rainbow Jr. into dry clothing in a twinkling, and quietly reproved the little maid, who inwardly blessed her and determined to be *very* careful in the future.

At Pessie's home matters were very different.

To begin with, her husband was called Indigo because he was always so very blue—and no wonder! He had found he could not please his wife, try as he would, and so he had long ago given up trying; and as no man can be expected to be happy who has not a happy home, he was just about the bluest man the world has ever seen.

Then there were the little Indigos. The only streaks of real sunshine that ever came into their unhappy lives shone when they were permitted to go on a visit to their Aunt Optie's.

When they were at home, if a dress was torn or a knee worn through, their mother would look through her glasses sharply and declare that it was "done on purpose to make her more work, when goodness knew she had enough to do, anyway!" and the offending Indigo would be sent to a closet or a corner to meditate upon the great wrong he had committed.

No willing little maid could be found to

work for Pessie, although Mr. Indigo had scoured the country to find one.

Pessie and her glasses were pretty well known, and people called her the cross fairy.

After Optie and Pessie had used their glasses for a long time, they became enchanted so that Optie's glasses would magnify only the pleasant things and make the unpleasant ones look very small, and if used in any other way would make everything look confused and blurred.

Pessie's glasses, too, could only be used as she had used them, and were worthless if looked through in the opposite way.

One day a magician named Dispo Sition

disguised himself as a beggar for the purpose of gaining possession of the wonderful glasses. He went to both Optie's and Pessie's houses, and soon afterward disappeared, and with him disappeared the two pairs of magic glasses!

He took them to his home, and made a great many like them, and distributed them all over the world.

But every one has the power of choosing one of the two kinds, and those who choose the kind like Optie's are called Optimists, while those who choose the kind made like Pessie's are called Pessimists.

Which sort have you decided to wear?

THE LETTER-BOX.

As illustrations to "The World's Fair Palaces" could hardly be more than portraits of the buildings, and *The Century* in discussing their architecture published as good pictures of them as could be secured, ST. NICHOLAS—by the courtesy of the editor of *The Century*—reprints for the boys and girls these excellent pictures. No doubt many young Chicago residents or visitors will notice the changes that have been made since the publication of the official map of 1892, from which the plan on page 518 was drawn.

WATERVLIET ARSENAL, TROY, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are three little girls who live at the Watervliet Arsenal. From our schoolroom window we can see the beautiful Hudson River and the city of Troy.

But we want to tell you about an alphabet cake we had last week. Marion is only five years old and has just begun to go to school, and we were promised a cake as soon as she learned her letters. It took her a long time to learn them all. She had so much trouble with W and Q that we thought we were never going to get the cake. But now she knows them all, and can say them backward and forward and skipping around. So yesterday we had the cake. It was a lovely one, all frosted white, and with a yellow candle burning in the center. Marion blew out the candle and cut the cake and gave us each a large piece. Your little friends,

LOUIE, ELEANOR, and MARION.

HARWOOD, MARYLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I enjoy all of your stories very much. When I was one year old Santa Claus brought me a toy dog—"Towser." I loved him so hard that it

wore his first skin off, and since it has been replaced he is so changed that I have to call him an elephant. "Jumbo" is his name now. Your faithful little reader,

THOMSON K—.

CINDAD PORFIRIO DIAZ, MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you one and a quarter years now, and you are my best companion, as there are not many boys my size here. I am now twelve years old and have five sisters to protect. My favorite story-writer is Charles F. Lummis. We go riding here a great deal on our faultless little Mexican ponies. We all went a few days ago to take a twenty-mile ride, and were not a bit tired. Once papa said he would tire us out, so he took us on a twenty-four-mile ride with few provisions, and camped three days; but I do not think he succeeded. Sometimes we don't come home till moonlight. Then is the time for teasing and drilling with papa. We are not left in the dark at night, as some seem to think, but have electric light. We are not left without a wash in the morning, but have water-power, etc. There are many nice Americans here. But most of them are in our little American colony. The town is very picturesque, for it has sidewalks higher than the street, several public schools, a Mexican army post, four or five plazas, and two dogs to every man, woman, and child—as it seems. 'T is very interesting to foreigners. All the houses (residences) are close up to the narrow streets, with the American front yard in back, and using the street for the trash. Although the Mexicans do not know what good things are, they are the happiest people in the world. There are a passenger bridge, built not long ago by an enterprising man, and a railroad bridge

across the Rio Grande—the international boundary between the United States and Mexico. I am the son of the general manager of the Mexican International Railroad, which is the only railroad here. It owns large shops and in it all the repairs of the railroad are made, as well as those of the branch road of the Southern Pacific to Eagle Pass. There are 400 employees, and so when you look at the company's grounds (depot grounds, we call them) from afar, they look like a manufacturing establishment with all its employees' houses scattered about.

There are few days when we have nothing to do. In the morning, school at home with our governess. We have learned to speak three languages. Then music lessons in the afternoon. Riding every day, running "around the block" with our seven dogs, exercising on the trapeze, and so on. Hoping that some day a great many more boys and girls will have the great privilege of seeing this wonderful "Egypt of America," as I have, and also that St. NICHOLAS will prosper for many years,

I am your constant reader,
J. A. S., JR.

MY PERSIAN CAT.

I HAVE the loveliest little cat
In the world, it seems to me;
As much of her as is not gray
Is white as white can be.
Her hair is very long and thick,
And soft as carded wool,
While her record as a mouser
Is really wonderful.

Her tail is the chiefest beauty
Of all her varied store;
I almost think that it would do
To make a ladies' boa.
She is very aristocratic,
And will not wet her feet,
And she is quite particular
About what she has to eat.

Her ears are fringed so daintily,
Her eyes are almost blue,
And of such sweet dispositions
I think there must be few.
I do not know from where she came,
This ball of white and gray;
I do not think I really care,
Since she has come my way.

But if anything sad should happen,
And she should fade and die,
I know full well what I would do—
Just lay me down and cry.
Oh! she's a darling little cat—
There are no two ways about it;
And if you could only see her,
I am sure you would not doubt it.

BERTHA E. C.—

BALDWINSVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been taken in our family for over sixteen years, or since 1876, and it would not seem like home without you. We have you bound, and rarely a day passes that the volumes are not used.

I am fourteen, and have two sisters and two brothers and a little dog named "Kaiser." He is half Scotch terrier and very bright. My oldest sister has taught him a good many tricks. He can stand on his hind legs and

walk, speak, sneeze, roll, beg, go lame, and when I go to school I say, "By-by, Kaiser," and he takes one of his front paws and waves it at me, and then when I am gone, he looks out of the window and watches me till I am out of sight, and then he will cry for some time afterward.

I took a little trip to Ann Arbor, Michigan, this summer, and went from Buffalo to Detroit by water. I was gone five weeks, and wore my traveling-suit all the time because a man stole my valise when it was being transferred from the station to the dock, and I did not receive it until two days before I started for home, so I had quite a little experience. Your loving reader,

MARNIE V.—

MUNICH, GERMANY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I think you will but very seldom receive letters from grandmothers. I am a German old grandmother, living in Munich, and very happy to receive all the year long dear St. NICHOLAS, sent through the unwearied kindness of young friends in New York. I should like to express to you my deep-felt gratitude for all the precious hours my boys and myself spent reading this incomparable magazine; and I hope that my grandchildren (whose grandfather, on maternal side, was your illustrious Bayard Taylor) will in a few years also be able to appreciate St. NICHOLAS as much as their parents and German grandmother have done.

Yours sincerely, C. K.—

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The question given in the enclosed rhyme was asked on a recent occasion by my little boy (who thinks a great deal of St. NICHOLAS).
Yours very truly, MRS. W. A. M.—

HIS QUESTION.

JOE JEFFERSON's coming!
'T was noticed each day,
In newspaper ad's,
And posters so gay.
One small boy, evincing
Great desire to behold him
(On account of the charming
Reports that were told him),
But a trifle mixed
As to men of renown,
Asked, "When is Jeff Davison
Coming to town?"

G. W. M.—

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I will tell you of a trip I took to the Blue Mountains last summer. We formed a Walking Club almost as soon as we got there, and had about twenty-five members, boys, girls, and young ladies and gentlemen. We often walked between seven and ten miles a day, and would have walked more if some of the children had not become tired. One morning we got up at five o'clock and started for a place called The Devil's Race Course. We reached there at six o'clock, being about five miles, and when we got there we could see nothing but rocks and rocks, stretching over the whole country for miles and miles around. The Devil's Face, Hand, Cup, Table, Foot, Chair, and Coffin are formed by Nature from solid stone, and the most remarkable thing is a boiling spring that bubbles up in the forest of rocks all the time. The Race Course was said

to be a bed of a river, and indeed I hardly think it could be much else. I also saw and went down into the cave where Jesse James and his notorious band hid themselves.

Your devoted reader,
ELSA RAYNER S—.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a brother Laurence and a sister Vida. I am the oldest, and we enjoy your lovely magazine very much. We have a lovely horse named "Kate." She is very intelligent, and one day quite a number of people were in our kitchen looking at her. She was standing hitched to the carriage with an old blanket on. She had a nicer one in the stable, and she knew it. So, with all those people looking at her, she pulled that blanket off with her teeth, and dropped it down in front of her, as much as to say, "I won't have you looking at me with this old thing on." She is not afraid of fireworks or bands of music. Your faithful reader,

MILDRED F—.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE CLOCK AND THE INK.

TICK, tick, tick, went the clock, tick, tick.
"Why ever on earth," said the ink,
"Whatever makes you go so quick?
That 's what I cannot think."

"I go so quick? I 'm bound to go.
But why ever on earth," said the clock,
"Whatever makes you go so slow?
You 've always some in stock."

So one day the clock said he 'd go slow.
A gentleman said, "Does this clock lose?"
By the late train he had to go;
There was no other to choose.

The same day the ink said he 'd go fast.
A schoolboy said, "Oh, bother these blots.
My exercise will be the last;
The ink is thick and comes in knots."

So here, you see, is a very bad plight:
The clock went slow, the ink went fast;
The gentleman's train was just out of sight,
And the schoolboy's paper *was* the last.

MORAL.

Never try to be too ambitious.

WALTER B. O—.
(Eleven years.)

MOUNTAINVILLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live on a farm of almost sixty acres. We have great fun playing around a brook that runs through our place. By we, I mean my little sister, who is four, and my brother, who is nine; I am twelve.

We have a dog named "Gipsy." We call her "Gip," for short. She has a pup named "Pingo." Pingo is very funny. This morning she went down to our pond. The pond was just frozen over with a thin coating of ice. Pingo ventured out and fell through into the water. She stayed for the land, where Gip was wildly dancing up and down. When Pingo got quite near the edge Gip grabbed her by the ear and pulled her out. Pingo was very wet and cold, and went under the stove to get dry.

Your constant reader, EFFIE W. P—.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My mama and I made this Hero Alphabet, and I wish you would please print it. We have read about most of these heroes together. I am seven years old, and have never written to you before. Mama reads you to me every month.

SAMUEL B—.

HERO ALPHABET.

A is for Ajax and Achilles, too;
B is for Bayard (B's are very few).
C is for Columbus, who sailed across the sea;
D is for David — dauntless was he.
E is for Egbert, a conqueror reckoned;
F for Frederick, the Great, and the Second.
G for George Washington, our own hero he;
H is for Hercules, as strong as could be.
I for Idomeneus, who fought for old Greece;
J is for Jason, who won the Golden Fleece.
K is for King Arthur and his many knights;
L is for Lancelot, who conquered in most fights.
M for Menelaus — at Troy he would not yield;
N is for Nestor, who bore the Golden Shield.
O is for Olaf, a Norse hero brave;
P for Patroclus, who sought the Greeks to save.
Q for Quixote, who went forth from his home;
R is for Romulus, who built the city Rome.
S for Sarpent, who helped in Trojan War;
T is for Theseus, who slew the Minotaur.
U is for Ulysses, gone for twenty years;
V for Victoria, queen without peers.
W for Wellington, who won at Waterloo;
X is for Xenophon, a great leader, too.
Y for the Yorks, with their rose so white;
Z is for Zeus, god of great might.

HAVERFORD, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you something that I think will interest your readers, that a cousin of mine who has just come from Spain was telling me. She said she was staying at a hotel just before Christmas, when a little boy came to her and said he was afraid she did not keep Christmas as they did in Spain. She said that all the Americans kept it, and tried to explain how they hung up their stockings, and how Santa Claus filled them. He said that in Spain they would put their shoes outside the door, and the Wise Men came and filled them, because there are no fireplaces in Spain, as it is a warm country. Your little reader,

ELIZABETH BINNEY E—.

AN ORANGE PACKING-HOUSE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to tell you about an orange packing-house. First they make the boxes, which I enjoy watching. They then bring in the fruit, and it is sorted, sized, wrapped, and packed. They scrub the fruit when they sort it, and size the fruit by letting it roll down two strips of diverging board and drop in boxes; they wrap the oranges in tissue-paper.

VERENA W—.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: Eva S., Elsie C., Marion E. B., Sophie M., Helen R., Willie S., Wayne W., Sumner G. R., Nan, Winifred F., Charles F. S., J. M. D., "Six Sisters," Margaret R., Alfred C., Charles G., Abbie H., E. Helen L., Peter M., James H. Jr., Muriel S. P., Nellie Z., Gladys D. M., Anna J. N., Emily L. T., Bonnie O., Hamilton S. B., Ruth H., Ella A. K., Jessie B., W. K. B., Helen DeF. B., Eleanor, Susie B., Kathryn, C. W. F., Ruth B., Wm. W. H. L., Arthur V. S., M. Madeline A., Genevieve C., Robert R. G., Willie J. B.

THE RIDDLE-BOX.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Remora. 2. Elope. 3. Morass. 4. Opaque. 5. Result. 6. Assets. II. 1. Recess. 2. Ethnic. 3. Chaser. 4. Ensure. 5. Sierra. 6. Scream.

TRIPLE ACROSTIC. Frances Hodgson Burnett. From 1 to 8, famish; 2 to 9, rancho; 3 to 10, abound; 4 to 11, noting; 5 to 12, carass; 6 to 13, Eskimo; 7 to 14, salmon. From 8 to 15, hobnob; 9 to 16, omolu; 10 to 17, dagger; 11 to 18, gallon; 12 to 19, salute; 13 to 20, object; 14 to 21, natant.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him."

WORD-BUILDING. E, re, ern, rent, terns, astern, garnets, garments, streaming, stammering.

HOLLOW STAR. From 1 to 2, placard; 1 to 3, Pegasus; 2 to 3, darkens; 4 to 5, amalgam; 4 to 6, anagram; 5 to 6, mistern.

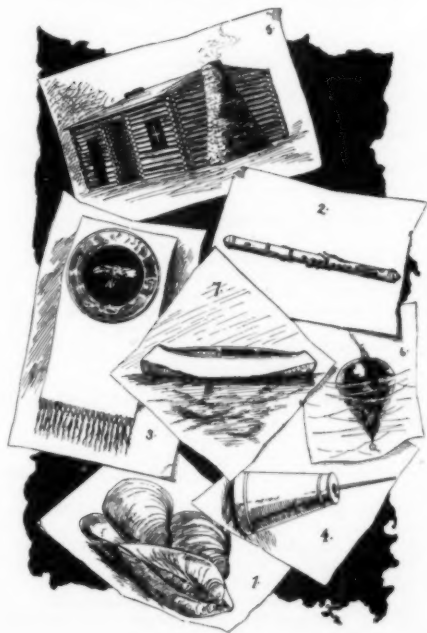
ZIGZAG. "A good hater." Cross-words: 1. Argo. 2. aGed. 3. AmOs. 4. abO. 5. daDo. 6. aHoy. 7. Akin. 8. ETon. 9. amEn. 10. gear.

TO OUR PUZZLERS! Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from "The McG."—Josephine Sherwood—Helen C. McCleary—Paul Reese—Aunt Kate, Mama, and Jamie—Ida Carleton Thallon—L. O. E.—Alice Mildred Blake and Co.—"Uncle Mung"—Chester B. Sumner—Stephen O. Hawkins—"Frely and the Gang"—Jay and I—Dudley and Maud Banks—Jessie Chapman—Gail Ramond—E. M. G.—"We Three"—"Leather-stocking"—"The Wise Five"—Maine and Minnesota—"Dad and Bill."

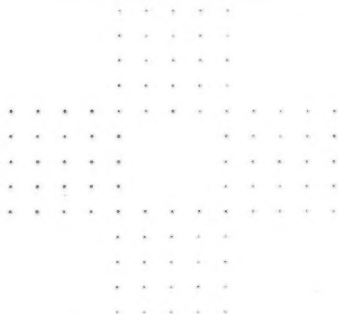
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER were received, before February 15th, from Jack and Emma Schmidt, 1—Eleanor Ogier, 1—Florence B. Barrett, 1—Fred J. Emery, 1—Elaine S., 2—Minnie and Lizzie, 1—G. T. Shirley, 3—Henry H. Garrigues, 1—M. L. Eveitt, 1—Eva Bowden, 2—"A Canadian Boy," 3—Helen McGuckin, 1—Minnie Lind, 3—Adele Carl, 1—Maude E. Palmer, 12—Jennie Thomas, 1—A. H. R. and M. G. R., 12—E. H. C., 1—"We Two," 4—"Cuban Giant," 3—Ruth Edmundson, 1—Carrie Chester, 2—"Cuffs and Collars," 1—L. H. K., 2—Alice C. Adenaw, 2—"Oliver Twist," 6—Adria and Rane, 6—"Broncho Harry," 6—Geo. S. Seymour, 6—Sallie, Rekah, and Maude, 6—Mama, Sadie, and Jamsie, 6—"Old Riddler," 1—F. C. Dutton, 1—Charles Mench and Andrew Judson, 1—"Infantry," 12—"The Three Wise Ones," 6—"Mr. Micawber," 3—Ida M. Wilson, 1—K. Valentine Langdon, 3—May G. Martin, 2—Two Little Brothers, 5—Eddie N. Moore, 8—Charles Shedd, 1—Prentice Rodgers, Jr., 1—Charlotte A. Penbody, 6—Ethel W. Davidson, 1—Tilda Wolfson, 5—Hubert L. Bingay, 8—Melville Hunnewell, 7—J. L. M., 8—G. R. W., 4—Maytie E. Simpson, 1—Vincent Beede, 7—Welford P. Saroni, 1—John W. Thomas, 1—H. W. Plummer, 2—Marguerite, Annie, and Emily, 6—Clara Mayer, 2—Bessie R. Crocker, 10—Mama and Harry, 11—Mama and Karl, 5—June, 9—Addison Neil Clark, 5—Arthur Barnard, 1—"Chloe 93," 10—Elizabeth C. Grant, 5—Rosalie Bloomingdale, 12—Rose Otolengin, 12—Jo and I, 12—Elizabeth, 7—D. A. and R. Huey, 11—Edith M. Newton, 5—Elinor Barras, 6—Anna and Margaret, 12—"Two Sage Judges," 4—"We Girls," 9—Adrienne O. Forrester, 5—"Me and the Other Fellow," 2—Mama, Maude, and Ethel, 10—"Three Blind Mice," 5—Marie, 1—E. C. D., 1—Charles F. Bookinger, 1—Garret A. Randall, 1.

ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.



EACH OF THE objects shown in the accompanying illustration may be described by a word of five letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order in which they are numbered, the central letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous naturalist who was born in May. M.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.



I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A military title. 2. A lizard. 3. The sides of a door. 4. A game at cards. 5. Destroyed.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A governor. 2. Custom. 3. Extensive. 4. Incited. 5. Pastoral pipes.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Flat round plates. 2. A kind of tape. 3. A quantity of yarn or thread. 4. Cuts. 5. Understanding.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Drives along. 2. Droll. 3. A fish. 4. More horrible. 5. To terrify.

"AUNT JOFINE."

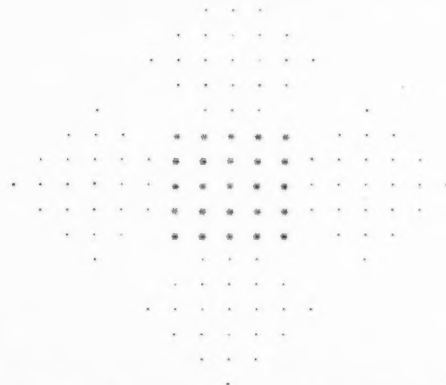
**DIAMOND.**

1. In Ceylon. 2. A tooth. 3. A feminine name. 4. A chair fitted to the back of a mule, for carrying travelers in mountainous districts. 5. A consequence. 6. A long and narrow corridor. 7. Perceives. 8. To put to the test. 9. In Ceylon. H.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of fifty-one letters, and am a quotation from Lord Chesterfield's works.

My 34-44-12-51 is stillness. My 10-25-49-29-21 is to inscribe. My 17-23-31-39 is to gather. My 1-19-15-7 is not any. My 5-38-9-45-32 is pertaining to a very famous city. My 36-4-47-14 is an equal. My 24-48-20-42 is crooked. My 3-43-50-27-46 is one who votes. My 22-11-37 is to repose. My 33-16-26-41-6 are sounds. My 30-13-2-40 was the vulnerable part of Achilles. My 28-8-35-18 is to consider. POLLY.

DIAMONDS CONNECTED BY A CENTRAL SQUARE.

I. UPPER DIAMOND: 1. In crumpets. 2. Unmeaning talk. 3. The musical scale. 4. Contrivances for taking pictures. 5. An engraver's tool. 6. A color. 7. In crumpets.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crumpets. 2. The queen of the fairies. 3. Enchantment. 4. Tower-like buildings of the Hindoos and Buddhists. 5. A small horse. 6. An animal. 7. In crumpets.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. Persons called on to attend a civil officer. 2. Frequently. 3. A beginning. 4. To work for. 5. To come in.

IV. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In crumpets. 2. A vehicle. 3. A large, strong rope used by sailors. 4. A vivid representation. 5. The cry of a sheep. 6. To consume. 7. In crumpets.

V. LOWER DIAMOND: 1. In crumpets. 2. The name of a famous dog. 3. Values. 4. An idle talker. 5. To slander. 6. To behold. 7. In crumpets.

F. W. F.

WORD-SQUARE.

A LAND of fans will my first be found;
And birds are all my second;
To my third you are by honor bound;
My fourth a lagoon may surround;
And my fifth a name is reckoned.

ELDRID IUNGERICH.

RHOMBOID.

ACROSS: 1. A stratum. 2. Nautical. 3. Rhythm. 4. A funeral song. 5. A furrow or band of fibers.

DOWNWARD: 1. In eloquent. 2. A useful little article. 3. A tropical plant. 4. Level. 5. One who rates. 6. A feminine name. 7. A tear. 8. An exclamation. 9. In eloquent.

"NINA AND JEAN."

CONCEALED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

ONE word is concealed in each sentence. When these fourteen words are rightly guessed and placed one below another, in the order here given, the initials will spell the name of a famous author, and the finals, one of his best-known books.

1. Alec approves of it all.
2. Had Jim his hat on yesterday?
3. I am going to a lecture.
4. Did you see the plaster of Paris katydid on the high shelf.
5. Ethel owes me ten dollars.
6. He lies down all day, they say.
7. The sum actually amounted to four thousand pounds.

8. This task I find irksome to a great degree.
9. I will make Jim pay up at once.
10. When he came, Ralph went out to meet him.
11. Take Ephraim home.
12. I wish I could see a gleam of sunshine.
13. Make those lines connect around that point.
14. Which do you like best—to sail or steam up the broad Hudson?

W. H. B.

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A
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EASTER EGG-ROLLING, ON THE GROUNDS OF THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON. (SEE PAGE 576.)